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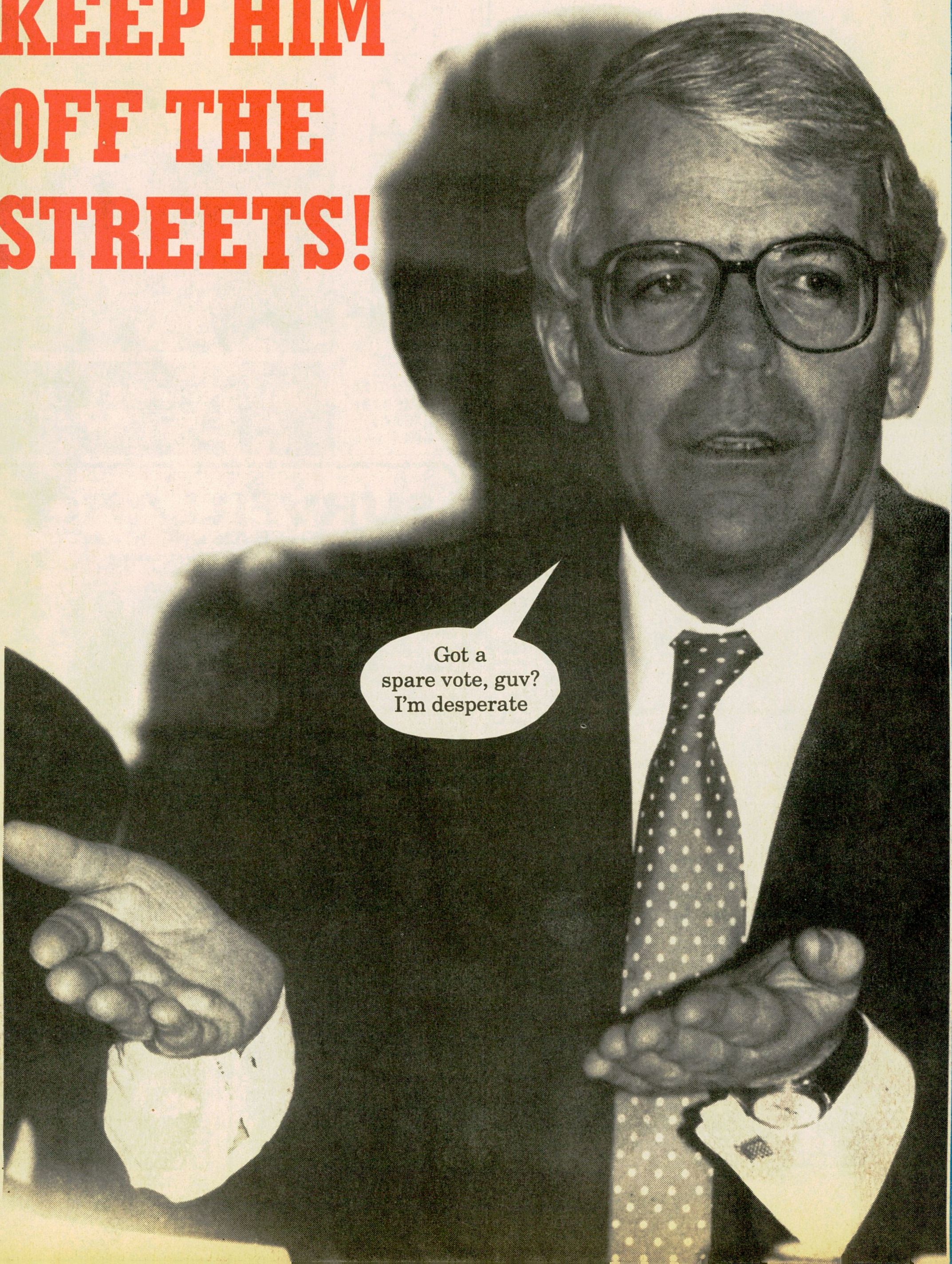

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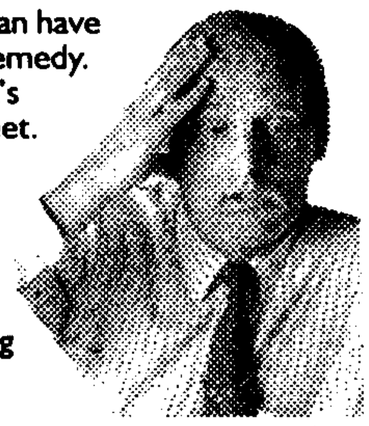

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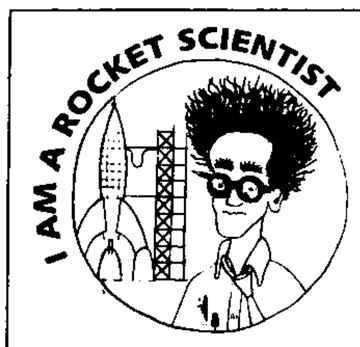

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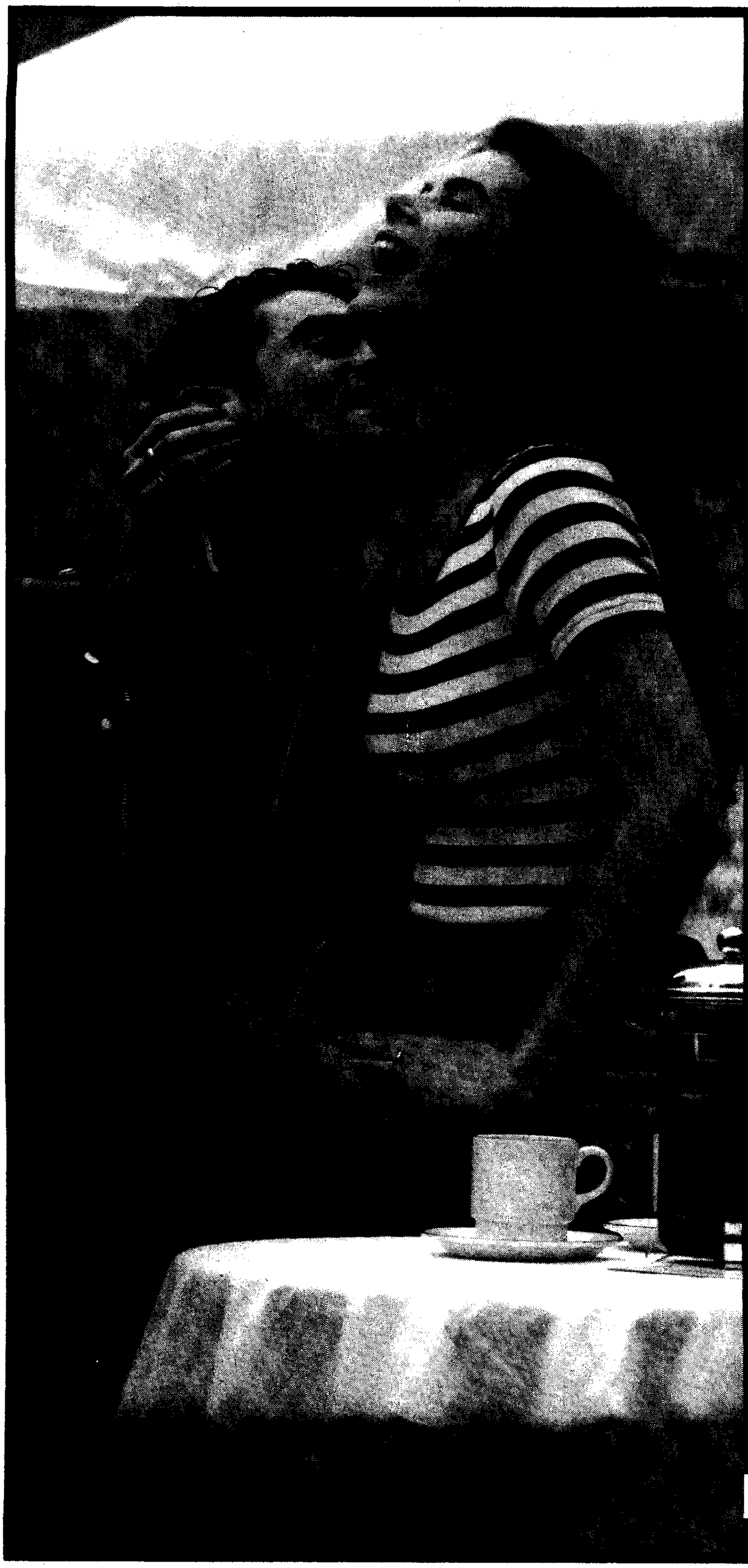

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Gnome

LADY Gnome is entirely right. There is nothing remotely shocking in the revelation that I was secretly involved in a long-term sexual relationship with an attractive Judge's wife and her two beautiful daughters, whilst a Conservative minister.

The only shocking aspect of the whole affair is that anyone should think it was any of their business.

My wife never did and, provided I left notes of my whereabouts at mealtimes ("No dinner, thanks. I'm in the Coven"), felt perfectly at ease with the arrangement.

It was only when this entirely private matter was published in my best-selling diaries that the ladies *in* question took offence.

For some reason they objected to a coded passage which read:

"**Monday:** Fantastic three-in-a-bed family sex with that Judge's wife and her daughters who live in South Africa."

They seemed, ridiculously, to think that this could identify them and were furthermore angry that I had listed them in the Index as "Mrs Justice Hardkiss and her daughters Kora and Blimee of 78 Kaffirbasher Drive, Cape Town, South Africa".

Mrs Hardkiss immediately told the *News of the World* the whole truth. And then she told her husband as well. This was an unforgivable act of betrayal.

He has now said that "Gnome should be horsewhipped". All I can say to *him* is this: "I would appreciate that, but would prefer that the rest of his family did the honours, as per usual." *(Shurely 'No comment'? E.S.)*

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COLOUR SECTION

HOW MUCH were the wife and daughters of retired Judge Harkess paid for their revelations about Alan Clark in the *News of the World*?

Naturally, they are not too happy to answer this question. For his part, the energetic former minister has good reason to hope the sum is more than £100,000. For, as Clark's former stockbroker disclosed to the *Eye* on 27 August last year (and secretly to the Scott inquiry), that was the sum Clark deposited with brokers Schaverien in 1985 or 1986 in a new account — in the name of one Valerie Harkess of Cape Town, South Africa.

The stockbroker, Gerald Morse, who has since been banned from the stock exchange, said he could recall only one share transaction through the account: the buying and selling of shares in Astra, an up-and-coming arms company.

The *Eye* asked a number of questions about these deals and this account last summer. The normally loquacious Mr Clark had nothing to say in reply. Perhaps the Harkess family can tell us how much they made in arms dealing in an account opened for them by a government minister who was later a defence minister.

WHY DID Camelot win the national lottery? Probably because more Tory MPs have interests connected with the Camelot bid than any other.

Here is the cast list, in alphabetical order:

- Peter Ainsworth (Surrey East) is a consultant to Warburgs, the merchant bankers who act as "advisers" to Camelot.
- The Rt Hon Kenneth Baker (Mole Valley), former home secretary, stepped down as chairman of the Tory party in 1991 to spend more time with his wife, who is on the board of Camelot, and with ICL, which "does the technology" for Camelot and pays Baker a handsome sum as "adviser".
- Alan Haselhurst (Saffron Walden), who is a consultant to Barrington Jay and Co, whose most prestigious client is the electronics-to-arms group Racal, who are "doing communications" for Camelot.
- The Rt Hon David Mellor, who has a consultancy with Racal (and another, as a sort of each way bet) with the PR group Shandwick, which did PR for Camelot's competitor, Lotco.
- Sir Keith Speed (Ashford), a director of Westminster Communications, who lists one of the firm's clients as ICL (see above).

Against an array like that, how could Camelot's competitors, most of whom, like Richard Branson, had only one Tory MP on board, hope to succeed?

PS: The award to Camelot must have given special pleasure to the former Post Office chief Sir Ron Dearing, a leading player in the group. Dearing has been immersed recently in digging the government and John "Nutter" Patten, education secretary, out of the hole they dug themselves over testing in schools and the national curriculum. Dearing's compromises have kept many of the tests and saved Patten's face. The secretary of state is said to have been "absolutely delighted with Ron's contribution".

EMILY BARR is the London student who hit the tabloid front pages earlier this year when she confessed to having had an affair with Hartley Booth, the Tory MP for Finchley.

Booth, a Methodist lay preacher and a strict back-to-basics man, tried to save his skin by insisting their friendship had been purely platonic — only to be flatly contradicted by his former inamorata.

You might expect the wretched Booth would have given Barr a wide berth every since. But you'd be wrong. In recent weeks he has been leaving increasingly aggressive messages on her answering machine, demanding that she hands over some cash which, he claims, she owes him.

During their affair Barr did indeed receive money from Booth. When he thought (wrongly) that he might have made her pregnant, he gave her £400 towards the cost of an abortion. (*Very* back to basics.) At the height of his *amour fou*, he also paid a total of £190 into her bank account — without telling her. Oh, and he bought her an air ticket from Paris for £136.

Even Booth accepts that he cannot have all this back since she was working for him at the time — helping him with a book of advice for young people, amusingly titled *Have a Go!* — and was entitled to some payment for her services. However, after totting up the figures, he has calculated that she owes him the princely sum of £179.50. In his most recent phone call, last Thursday, he insisted that she send him a cheque for this amount forthwith. "I need it," the desperate MP explained, "because I've lost all my money at Lloyd's."

If he is really so short of readies that he cannot survive without begging for petty cash from his ex-lover — who lives on a student grant — one wonders how long he can remain solvent. As he will not need reminding, it is a rule of the House that bankrupts cannot sit as MPs.

Street Of Shame

THE FINAL week of Andrew Neill's editorship of the *Sunset Times* was a proud chapter in the history of the paper.

On the morning guests were preparing to attend Neill's birthday lunch party at his Onslow Gardens flat — the usual white trash including Michael Winner, Gerald Malone, Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, Roy Greenslade etc — they were able to read on the front page of the *Sunday Times*' that the Duchess of York was seriously considering taking the role of Queen Boadicea in a new Ken Russell film.

This implausible story, which by mid-week had proved to be utter garbage, was a fitting tribute to Neill's ten-and-a-half years in charge of the flagship Murdoch paper.

One who will remember Neill with fondness is Susan Douglas. Heedless of the inevitable accusations of brown-nosing, she had named him godfather to her recently born baby.

Douglas is still smarting, however, that Neill's job went to John Witherow and not her. Others who are already regretting the ascendancy of Witherow are the "Ton-Ton Macoute" of Tony Bambridge, the paper's managing editor, and Tony Rennell, the associate editor.

They have both had run-ins with Witherow in the past, the most recent being when Bambridge refused to let Witherow have a decent company car to accompany his rise to news editor. Witherow bought a Mercedes with his own money and has not forgotten Bambridge's slight.

WITH new bug John Witherow installed in Wapping, will the Scottish *Sunday Times* still allow Conservative central office to dictate its leading articles?

Astonishing as it may seem, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's chum, Gerry Malone, deputy chairman of the Conservative party and a former editor of the Scottish *ST*, is *still* writing its rabid editorials.

As John McNeilly, one the paper's most recently departed editors, told rival *Scotland on Sunday* two weeks ago: "It was a frustration trying to tone down the party political broadcast element of Gerry Malone's leaders to something that was just about politically acceptable."

THE ENMITY between Scottish *Daily Record* editor Endell Laird and his London counterpart at the *Daily Mirror*, Colin Myler, is scaling new peaks.

It led recently to the *Sun* snapping up the rights to a book about mass-murderer Robert Black — with Mirror Group not getting so much as a look in.

Written by the police officer in charge of the case, Edinburgh publisher Mainstream first offered the book to Laird. He rejected it out of hand without even informing the *Mirror* of its availability.

Sun deputy editor Neil Wallis then leapt in and bought it for a paltry £9,000. *Sun* hacks, who in the past have paid six-figure sums for such sad fare, cannot believe how the Mirror Group allowed it to get away.

By SALLY ANN VOAK
Sun Slimming Editor

AFTER his first heart attack John Smith changed his life style drastically.

He told me: "I am taking this slimming business, very seriously, Sally. Being so

The Sun

STORIES continue to flood in about Ted Macauley, veteran *Daily Mirror* sportswriter whose talents include the ability to cover foreign grand prix races from a room in Oldham.

In our last issue we recalled how, back in the 1960s, Macauley had written an "I Was There" piece about the death of speed-merchant Donald Campbell — in spite of being asleep in a nearby pub at the time.

However, other witnesses have come forward with a different version of the tale. According to their account, Macauley's on-the-spot report of Campbell's watery death in the Lake District was dictated from the Macauley family villa in Spain, whither he had gone for an unofficial holiday!

Sir, Not content with pegging the price of *The Times* to the ludicrously low amount of 30p for a whole year, you are now offering a full refund to any new reader who, having bought a dozen editions, considers that he has not had value for money.

May I request that if anyone does apply for the refund he informs us of a better bargain for 30p and where we can acquire it.

M.A. JARRETT
Letter to The Times

Submitted by Mark Rawson.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

NO ONE watches the sliding stock market with greater alarm than David Montgomery, chief executive of Mirror Group Newspapers.

From a high earlier this year of 203 pence, MGN shares are now scraping around 150p, and falling. At last someone in the City seems to be reading the circulation figures. They show the *Sun* (and even *Today*, which has not cut its price as the *Sun* has) soaring to new heights while the *Mirror* has lost nearly 200,000 copies in the last year.

But nothing deters *Mirror* managers from spraying out more and more money to fight the jounalists they sacked a year ago. Barry Wigmore, who now works for *Today*, has won a high court case against the *Mirror* and has been paid his six months' notice money. A sum believed to be not a million pounds less than £40,000 was dished out to solicitors Lovell White Durrant for losing the Wigmore case.

Four more unfair dismissal cases are expected shortly, all of which Montgomery is expected to lose, and all of which he is fighting furiously (even though one of the journalists is seriously ill with cancer). Worst of all for both *Mirror* and *Independent* hacks is the rumour that Montgomery has secured from his bankers another £11 million for his most lucrative and favourite investment: redundancy.

NIGEL Pratt-Dumpster, dire diarist at the *Daily Mail*, has been spending a few days at what his colleagues call "a mental health farm", Grayshot Manor, to blot from his mind the dawning truth that when Adam Helliker joins the *News of the Screws* on 10 June he will have no deputy.

Clive Goodman, royal correspondent of the *Screws*, has finally turned down Dumpster's offer of the job having secured a pay rise at Wapping and promotion to royal editor. Had Goodman taken the job, it is unlikely he would have given Dumpster's column much in the way of royal scoops: most of his "scoops" at the *Screws* came from Helliker, who was unable to use them in the *Mail*.

Before she left for her three-week holiday in Pakistan, Dumpster's No 3, Kate Sissons, who is threatening to sue him for constructive dismissal, was told by Dumpster in the presence of his staff that he was thinking of giving her a present — a tee shirt with a target printed on the back — and that he would inform the local *mujahideen* of her arrival. How everyone guffawed at his wit!

But to whom can he turn? Lady Camilla, is too busy improving her tennis forehand to be much bothered about his problems of staff management. Apart from composing whining memos and playing squash with Jeffrey Archer, Dumpster's only means of letting off steam — his regular excoriation of his rival diarist on the *Daily Express*, "Dross" Benson — has been forbidden by the *Daily Mail*'s increasingly exasperated editor Paul Dacre.

***SUNDAY Express* deputy editor Charles "Experienced" Golding is not, it seems, universally admired by his colleagues.**

When the paper's brutish associate editor Alan Cochrane left to edit the Scottish *Sunday Express*, he wandered into Golding's office to say goodbye. "I don't wish your wife or your bairn any harm, Charles," he said, "but I think you're a c*nt."

As if this were not bad enough for the sensitive, bow-tied nerd, the offence was compounded when John McEntee left the *Sunday Express* to join the daily title. Sailing into Golding's office after lunch, McEntee smiled at him and said in soothing Irish tones: "Everyone says you're a c*nt, Charles, but I'm still going to invite you to my leaving party."

Golding's bow tie started to quiver as he reached for a pen and notepad. "Who? Who says that? I want their names."

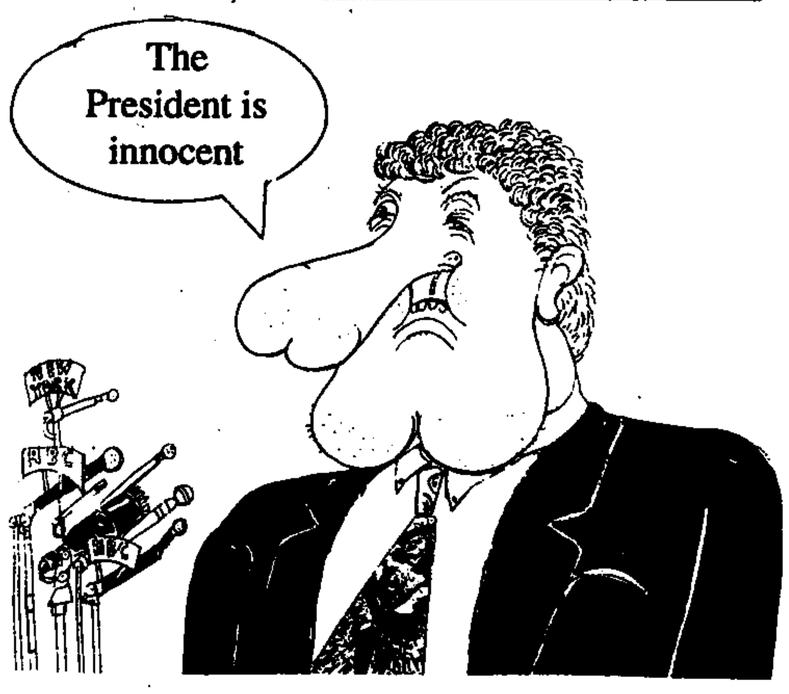
"Everyone, Charles, everyone," replied McEntee as he darted from the room, "but you can come anyway."

ROY Greenslade, the former favourite son of both Maxwell and Murdoch, is now making a name for himself as a media commentator.

The ex-tabloid hack has reinvented himself as the broadsheet papers' "bit of rough"; forever filling the *Grauniad*'s Media Page and Radio 4's *Mediumwave* with his lofty views on the Street of Shame.

But eyebrows were raised recently when he turned up as star speaker at a National Union of Journalists' conference on ethics in the media. Some unkind souls asked whether this "Ethics Man" could be the same Greenslade who crossed NUJ picket lines at the *Sun* and was paid a bonus by the Dirty Digger to produce a "scab" paper at Wapping.

Such pettiness!



HALLO!

The new heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

HALLO! WHEN Prince Charles attends a star-studded evening in Hollywood this summer to celebrate British film and TV talent, we hope he avoids the unpleasantness that marred the recent visit of Prince Andrew, himself no stranger to "talent".

The Buckingham Palace PR team has persuaded Charles to host a jolly tribute in September with special emphasis on the 25th anniversary of Monty Python.

But we fear it will simply reopen hostilities with the American gutter press. For When Andrew visited LA this year to discuss ways of raising Britain's profile in the city, scrofulous hacks concluded that his own profile had, er, risen somewhat under the guiding hand of a mystery blonde in a bedroom at the Regent Beverly Wilshire hotel.

The *National Enquirer*, *Globe* and *Star* are still hot on the trail of the woman, said to be young and Canadian, with large sums of money for her story. Coming, as it were, on top of the tawdry "I had sex with Diana" novel, Charles, like his brother, might have his hands full.

No, this sort of showbiz bash should be left to the expert: fun-loving Princess Di, close friend of world leaders such as Sylvester Stallone and Oprah Winfrey. Indeed, with the threat of being upstaged in her domination of Luviedom, perhaps she should now go on Oprah's sobshow to discuss philandering husbands.

HALLO! JOCELYN STEVENS, CVO, interrupts his busy schedule of knocking down old buildings to telephone Hallo! from his brand new motor car.

Having dumped his Jaguar, Jocelyn has taken possession of "the world's most luxurious performance car" and, he tells us, he has wasted no time in screwing his personalised number plate, JS9, to the front and back.

The chairman of English Heritage now rides around proudly in a Lexus LS400 from Toyota, the Japanese car company. Why he couldn't buy a British car, a BMW or a Mercedes, like everybody else, we don't know.

HALLO! DESPITE the protests of his wife, Alan Clark, the energetic former defence minister, is not averse to cavorting even further "below stairs" than with judges' wives.

When two eminent journalists, John O'Sullivan and Frank Johnson, were entertained by Clark at his club, Brooks's, The Marquesa was also present and saw him pointing to the waitresses.

They, too, were available for Ugandan discussion, he confided to Frankie and Johnny, but it was vital to be economic with the *actualité* lest the club's committee find out. One doesn't want to be branded a SH-one-T, does one?

HALLO! *TO KENSINGTON to have our celebrity locks teased by top people's crimper, Annie Russell.*

But what is this? Our 9.30am rendezvous with Annie has been rudely shanghaied by An Even More Important Person: the international celebrity literary agent and star of countless magazine profiles, Mr Ed "The Conqueror" Victor.

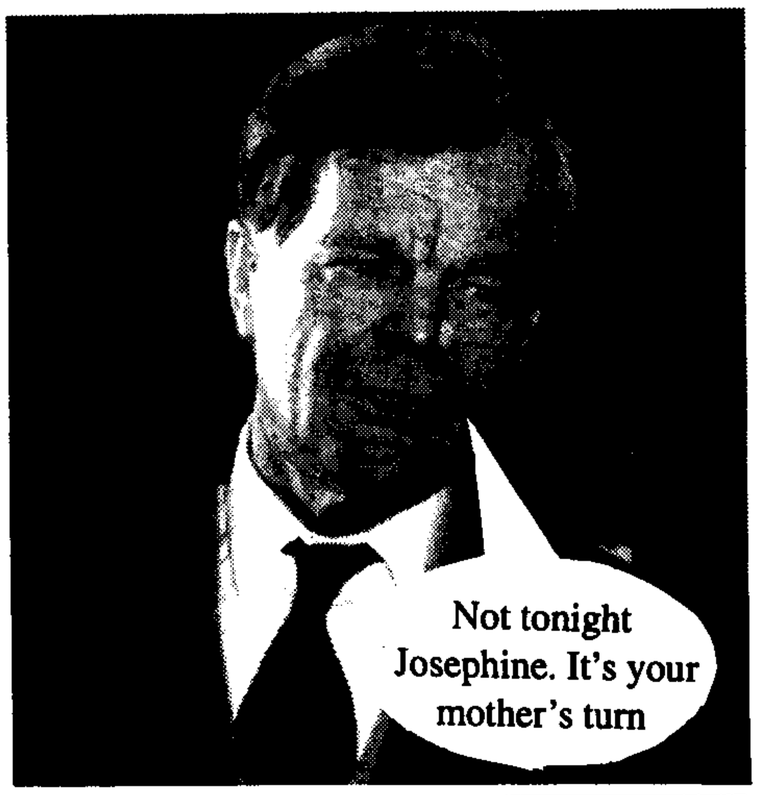
Like proper royalty, Ed has arrived without an appointment, insisting that his leonine mane and beard be trimmed immediately by Annie herself. He has an important meeting at the House of Commons and his chauffeur and limo are waiting outside.

We pass the time as best we can, hovering behind the chair while the world's greatest literary agent tells Annie where his locks should be shorn. Luckily there are lots of interesting signed celebrity photographs to look at — including a big one of the man in the chair, generously donated by himself.

Recovering over lunch at the Ivy, we search for the famous hair and beardcut, but neither are to be seen at Ed's regular table.

Evidently he is involved on important matters elsewhere, and the table has been given to a second division celebrity at the last minute. Still, the Princess of Wales looks delighted to have secured the reservation, and who can begrudge her 15 minutes of fame?

CLARK'S WATERLOO



HALLO! OUR SEARCH for a country retreat in West Mercia has been greatly helped by a £600,000 five-seater Bolkow 105 helicopter.

So it was with sadness that we learned of the suspension from duty of chief inspector Geoff Hyde-Finn, former head of West Mercia police's Central Counties Air Operations Unit.

Geoff, it seems, stands accused of using the helicopter for private purposes: taking aerial photographs of people's properties for sale to the householders below. The Marquesa would like to put on record that Geoff committed no act of "chopper" abuse in front of her.

Pseuds Corner

Yet nothing is more distinctive about Indian English than the manner of its pronunciation. That it is rhotic and syllable-timed, and that its speakers tend to germinate voiceless intervocalic obstruents is not important. As proprietors of their own tongue, they are entitled to mould it to Indian cadences. English is an Indian language, and English is the richer for it. Those who wish to rid their country of it are three hundred years too late.

LEADER
The Times

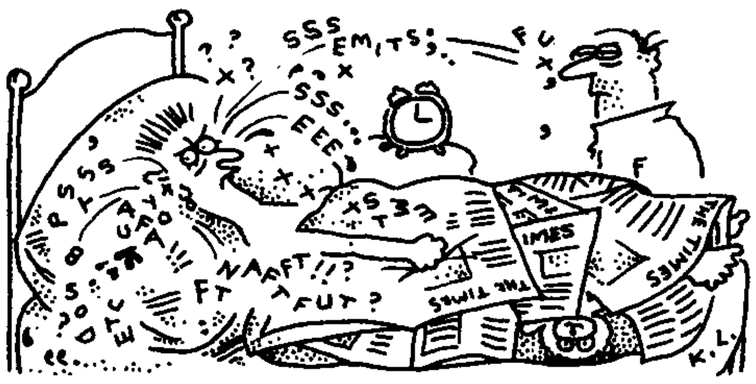
I always consult my staff... You have to express some interest in what they do.

You have to make a special effort to look after them, too. They're all allowed their day off, and of course there are special arrangements if their mother is dying.

BARBARA CARTLAND
Daily Mail

Families of bar codes exist for like products and my bar code paintings are actual encodements of the names of members of my family: a reinterpretation of the whole concept of the family portrait. They were devised in conjunction with the polyalphabetic substitution cipher systems that I developed as a *modus in rebus* for my work.

PAUL LINDALE
The Independent



My brain is permanently overloaded. It dribbles out of my ears and leaves stains on the pillow.

CAITLIN MORAN
The Times

In the narrow, medieval streets of Katmandu you won't find many delivery trucks. People do the heavy work, not vehicles. They stagger beneath baskets on their backs or poles across their shoulders. It's a burden that the *Vogue* team, newly arrived in Nepal with all the equipment for a March issue shoot, feel at home with.

Vogue

Tanja Entwistle, Printmaker

Memory, imagination and subconscious markmaking lead to enigmatic scenes wherein pathways, stairways, tree forms, archways, entrances and passages dominate. Unsettling, irrational, hostile and compelling. Solitary. My exploration into etching lino has enhanced the atmospheres so essential to my work, rendering it more subtle and more mysterious.

Exhibition
Arts Workshop, Newbury

CONTRIBUTORS: J. Marozz, A. Ramsden, P. Coleman, R. Hatley, H. Bate, G. Paterson.

£10 paid for entries

MARGARET BECKETT'S eloquent tears for John Smith show no signs of resolving her mounting problems, such is the cynicism and contempt for women among Labour MPs.

The view is that if she stands for leader she will not only lose heavily but will not get the votes of most women MPs and those she does get will be mostly tokenistic.

Beckett's position as deputy leader could also be under threat. What a party leader needs most from a deputy is trust; and historically this has not been Beckett's strong suit. Her poisonous party conference attack on Neil Kinnock in 1981 will never be forgotten. At the time she was a left-wing Benn supporter. But she soon moved to the right and accepted Kinnock's patronage.

When Smith became leader she let him down at a crucial moment in his bid to introduce one person one vote for party elections. If this had been over a matter of belief or conscience MPs might have understood. Alas, she opposed Smith to assuage the barons of the T&G of which she was a member and whose votes she would need in the future.

GOOD to hear Gordon Brown making full employment the centrepiece of his bid for the Labour party leadership when he spoke to the party's Welsh conference.

Observers believe this was the first reference to full employment to fall from Brown's lips. But he has also changed tack on public expenditure, where previously as shadow chancellor he vetoed attempts by his frontbench to advocate policies that involved increased spending.

As Brown threw caution to the wind at the conference, Glenys Kinnock was quick to raise the point. "That's more money... that's more money... that's more money," she muttered as Brown developed his new left-wing, spend spend spend policy.

The speech made no impression on Neil Kinnock, however, who had to be woken by his wife.

A SURVEY of 70 Labour MPs by *Tribune* showed "Tony Blair with far more backing on the right than his moderniser colleague-turned-rival Gordon Brown" and "surprisingly strong left-wing and mainstream backing for Robin Cook".

Word leaked in Westminster, and the editor, Mark Seddon, received a comradely telephone call from Charlie Whelan, Brown's press officer, who told him: "Pull the story — or we will cause a rumpus." Or words that effect.

The report was published under the headline: "Tribune poll: Blair and Cook in front"; and it was picked up by other newspapers. The threatened rumpus is still awaited.

"The miners need them to cash their dole cheques in!"

TO WHOM was Gerald Kaufman referring when he wrote in the *Sunday Times*: "John was soft hearted. I warned him no to appoint a certain person to a shadow cabinet post. John said 'You're right, but he wants it so much' and gave the man the job"?

He certainly wasn't referring to Jack Cunningham, that's for sure. Now universally known as Alderman Vanity, John Smith appointed him shadow foreign secretary when Kaufman retired from the post. According to Radio Cumbria, Vanity has announced that he will be standing for the Labour leadership. He cannot win.

The new Labour leader is going to have to be tougher than Smith because a queue is already building for the foreign secretary's job in a future Labour government.

As well as Alderman Vanity, Robin Cook wants the job if he cannot be chancellor, while Neil Kinnock is a candidate if he fails to be appointed a European commissioner. There are grave doubts that BBB — Baby Boy Blair, as he is known — can handle the competing claims of this unruly mob.

THE MESSAGE that campaigning for the Euro elections should stop temporarily as a mark of respect to John Smith did not get through to the wilder reaches of Surrey West, home of Tory MEP Tom Spencer.

While all in Westminster were still sucking their humbugs and wringing out their onions, the Conservatives' *Surrey Euro Messenger* dropped on to doormats in the constituency with a clear message.

"Labour's Blank Cheque" read the the caption to the front page cartoon of a gormless Smith holding a cheque for £100 billion ecus "of your money".

AN EMBARRASSING name was blurted out in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury when he appeared at the Commons social services select committee inquiry on pensions. The name was Coopers & Lybrand, celebrated former accountants and auditors to pensions specialist, R. Maxwell.

Frank Field, committee chairman and a former Church Commissioner, asked Dr George Carey about the Lambeth group which had investigated the loss — mainly by property development companies — of some £800 million to the Church of England. One question got rather nasty.

Field asked: "Who suggested to you that Coopers Lybrand should carry out the technical side of the work of the Lambeth Group report? Coopers Lybrand were auditors of all the development companies by which the funds were lost. Some of us felt that Coopers Lybrand should be investigated, not just the Commissioners."

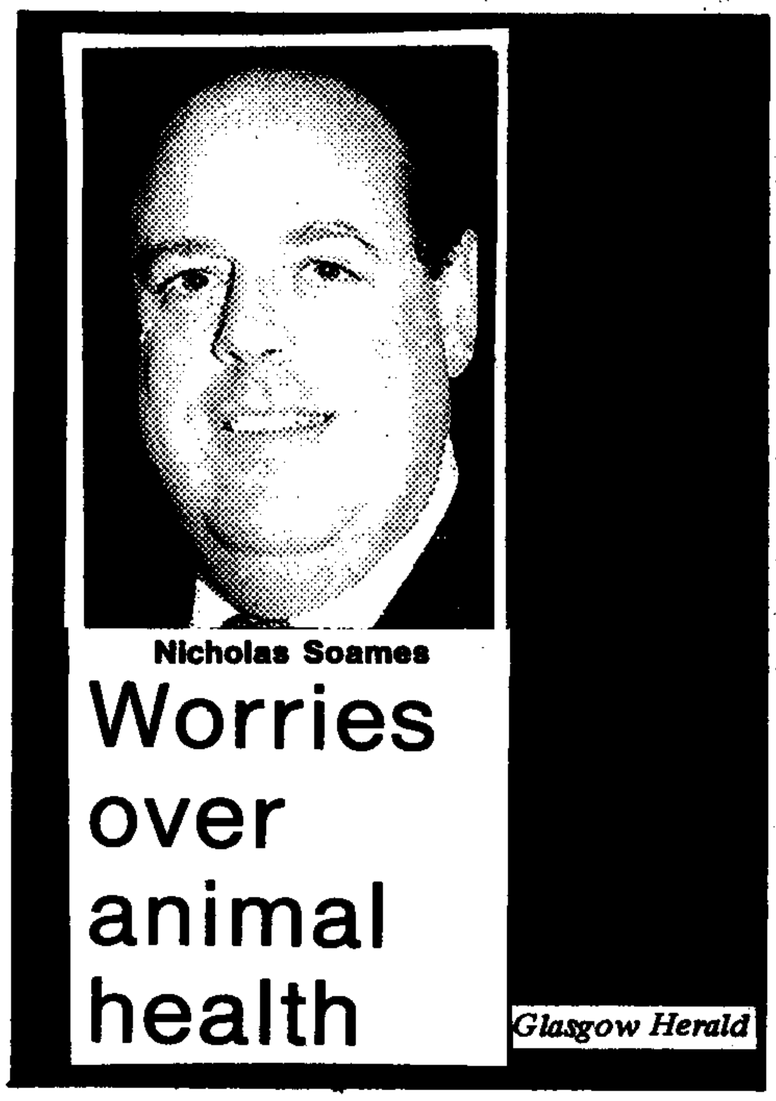
Sick bags were then passed around the committee as His Claphappiness and supporting bishops and reverend actuaries all swore blind that Coopers & Lybrand was the best thing to have happened to the church since the Resurrection, and that there was nothing remotely wrong in Coopers & Lybrand making stacks of money auditing loss-making development companies for the commissioners... and then making stacks more finding out how and why the money had been lost.

PS: The committee was lucky to have expert advice on tap from David Shaw, the talkative Tory MP for Dover who worked for most of the 1970s for that well-known firm of accountants, Coopers & Lybrand.

SUPPORTERS of Tony Blair hope that Mo Mowlam, Labour's national heritage spokesperson, will put more effort into running the Boy Wonder's leadership campaign than she has recently exerted in parliament on behalf of the arts.

At the beginning of last month when Peter Brooke, the national heritage secretary, opened the first full-day debate on the arts, MPs assumed Mo was away campaigning in the local elections. It now emerges that she was off on a freebie to the Americas and Bermuda, and she returned to the Commons with a beautiful tan to set the shadow cabinet aglow.

Meanwhile her astonishing gaffe in telling Tory cabinet minister John Patten that Blair's wife Cheri was preparing to rearrange the furniture at



No 10 does not augur well for the Blair campaign. Mo's public denial that she had said any such thing to Patten sounded less than convincing: she told Labour MPs in private the remark had been made "off the cuff".

NO MINISTERS are more unctuous in their public statements on behalf of the "small businessman" than Kenneth Clarke, chancellor of the exchequer, and Michael Heseltine, president of the board of trade.

Ever since Clarke's October budget, both ministers have been grappling with one of the most persistent demands of small businessmen: namely "please stop us being ripped off by bigger businesses who don't pay our bills on time".

To ingratiate himself with this lobby, Clarke promised to "open a wider and more informed debate on potential strategies to reduce payment delays". He went on: "Particularly included in those strategies are the possibility of legislation and/or the adoption of a British Standard for prompt payment".

This was greeted by ripped-off small businessmen with ambivalence. They wanted legislation which would force debtors to pay up on time (or stump up interest to match the delay). They did not want a British Standard, which is toothless and hardly worth the paper it is written on.

Away went the Tory ministers to ponder this commitment. They soon discovered that the "big boys", who pay so much money into Tory party coffers, were hysterically opposed to laws forcing them to pay their bills on time. Ripping off small suppliers, perfected as an art form by the late Robert Maxwell, has now become so dynamic a part of the entrepreneurial scene that any law banning it could seriously affect profits and dividends.

The problem was that most smaller businessmen didn't see it that way. The department of trade and industry launched a "consultation process" which found from a wide range of business respondents as follows: *for* laws forcing prompt payment, 56 per cent; *against* 37 percent. *For* a British Standard, 34 per cent; *against* 38 per cent.

Whoops! The consultation produced the result the government and its paymasters didn't want. The only course open to Heseltine was to ignore his own consultation procedures, which he did with his customary panache. A DTI press release on 24 May announced the setting up of a British Standard. "There was a narrow margin in favour of legislation," said the release, "but there was much concern about the negative impact that it might have on smaller businesses and no clear mandate from the business community in favour."

'Backbiter

NOOKS and CORNERS

WHAT MAKES a good building? This is a question which, over the centuries, has exercised many great minds, not least my own.

Sometimes it is simply a matter of obeying the rules, whether set by Vitruvius or Le Corbusier. Sometimes it is a question of choosing the correct style: for Pugin, Gothic was good and Classicism simply bad; while Nikolaus Pevsner only approved of what was Modern and to use historical styles was a sin. For the Prince of Wales, of course, anything with columns is all right.

But we live in more complex times, where almost any style goes and in which there are no clear rules to help the layman decide which of the masterpieces produced by our over-hyped posturing architectural superstars are actually of any merit.

For anyone outside the profession, simply to know that a building bears the designer label of, say, Sir Norman Foster, is not enough. So the Royal Fine Art Commission (RFAC) has helpfully produced a booklet, *What Makes a Good Building?* to guide the layman, and the client, through the mire of prejudice, special-pleading and intellectual snobbery which is architectural criticism.

Written by the commission's secretary, Sherban Cantacuzino, and endorsed by Peter Brooke, secretary of state for what's left of national heritage, this in fact contains much sense. While recognising that, ultimately, architectural judgement is entirely subjective, it suggest criteria for deciding between good and bad buildings and demonstrates their application in pairs of contrasting examples.

But when a conventional high-tech "masterpiece" like the *Financial Times* printing works by that establishment figure, Sir Nicholas Grimshaw, is compared favourably with the meretricious former home of the *Observer* — once so embarrassingly admired by the likes of Simon Jenkins and Marcus Binney — Marco Polo House designed by that rank outsider, ageing hippie Ian Pollard, with its applique Post-Modern skin of Japanese "re-crystallised glass" panels, the suspicion arises that this is just the old RFAC in new clothing; mere approval of what is approved of.

Such an interpretation is confirmed by the inclusion — for praise — of the new library for Clare College library by Arup Associates. Aged readers may recall how this feeble piece of "contextualism" was gratuitously plonked down to block the grand axial approach route from Clare Memorial Court to the tower of the university library, all by Sir Giles Scott, the great designer of Liverpool Cathedral and the red telephone box.

This vandalism was committed because the greedy and craven Clare dons wanted Paul Mellon's money and would not sacrifice their own car park. It is excused in this book because "The tower is not the entrance to the university library and the route is not used by people going there". Both parts of this statement are — how shall we say? — wholly economical with the truth.

But such blatant lies are evidently necessary because the designer of the library was an old Clare man, Sir Philip Dowson, that smooth, suede-shod public school English charmer who has recently been elected president of the Royal Academy and who is, of course, a member of the RFAC.

And this is the whole trouble with the commission: how can it be objective, how can it ever dare to step out of line when its members include such well-connected architects as Dowson, Michael Hopkins, Richard MacCormac PPRIBA, Sir Philip Powell, Sir William Whitfield and John Winter? They will not want to offend Norm or Richard, will they?

Mr Cantacuzino tries hard not to be doctrinaire about style. Surprisingly, perhaps, he praises some modern classical buildings — like No 62 Cornhill — while rightly condemning the gauche and vulgar classical trim of the Howard Building at Downing College, Cambridge, designed by Michael Heseltine's — and God's — favourite architect, Quinlan Terry.

Now here is a curious thing. Mr Terry went on to design the new Maitland Robinson Library at Downing. This equally inept attempt to reinterpret the Greek revival was, of course, the winner of the Sir Hugh Casson Medal for the worst modern building of 1993 and has now been awarded one of the Royal Fine Art Commission/*Sunset Times* building of the year awards. Why?

Could it be that the chairman of the commission, milord St John of Fawsley, who give much regal distinction to his other role as Master of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, disagrees with his commission's secretary on this crucial matter of what makes a good building?

Surely not! But if I were one of the other winners of the RFAC's building of the year award, I would feel about the puff for God's Own Architect rather as the students at Sir John Moore's University (aka Liverpool poly) did about the proposed honorary degree for Cilla Black.

'Piloti'

EYE TOLD YOU SO

THE REAL scandal of Clare Spottiswoode's appointment as head of Ofgas — highlighted by the *Eye* from the day she was named last October — is that she was chosen in order to give a free hand to British Gas, which had been complaining so bitterly about her predecessor, Sir James McKinnon.

As we wrote last October, her appointment "should give British Gas less cause for complaint" than the activity of McKinnon because she was a treasury-trained monetarist "educated at a formative stage in the importance of leaving the market alone".

She was on the engineering de-regulation task force, "tearing up anything that stood in the way of untrammelled profit-making". And she backed Michael Heseltine when he threw out a recommendation from the monopolies commission to break up British Gas. His decision, as we said in January, had been delayed by six months to enable Spottiswoode to take office and say she approved. McKinnon would have said the opposite.

In our last issue we were the first to point out that she had exposed the sham "independence" of the regulators by issuing a joint statement with the department of trade and industry about the future of gas. In doing so, she certainly "got into bed" with the DTI on a political basis.

At the select committee on the environment last week she overdid it when asked if she and John Michell recognised one another when her interviewed her for the job. "He told me he did not recognise me at all," she said. He did not need to recognise her; the fact that she had worked at the treasury when he was there was in front of him, on her cv. She seems to be protesting too much.

SELL-OFFS

MARK BAKER, executive director of corporate affairs and personnel at Nuclear Electric, has sent his managers a memo explaining why the company wants to be privatised. An extra copy has reached the *Eye*.

It says: "We want to leave the public sector before the next general election... because we cannot be sure that the government coming into power will favour privatisation (or, for that matter, any extension in nuclear power)".

He makes it clear that Nuclear Electric wants to leave behind, in the public sector, the older Magnox stations which are the next ones due to close down and produce no more electricity. What they will produce, of course, is a massive bill for de-commissioning, which taxpayers will have to pay.

This is one of the plans Nuclear Electric will be putting to the nuclear review announced by the government. What Mr Baker does not mention is that one powerful reason favouring privatisation is that the top people (like him) could look forward to huge rises and bargain price gifts of shares. A good try — but there is no chance the government will buy it.

SO Stephen Littlechild, the electricity regulator, has got his reward for not referring the generating companies to the monopolies commission: the professor's contract has been renewed for another five years.

This allows the treasury to start the £4 billion sale of the 40 per cent of shares it owns. His reappointment delighted the City, and on a day last month when every other electricity share went down, there was a surge in the share price of the two generators: National Power up 15p; PowerGen up 10p.

Littlechild presented his annual report the next day and modestly disclaimed responsibility. He seemed not to appreciate that the rise showed how the City regard him as a busted flush: someone who is never going to be able to discipline the generators now that he has accepted their vague assurances that they will reduce their dominance by selling off some power stations.

The "sale" is going slowly. The trouble is that the generators do not want to sell attractive power stations that might be serious competitors; and outside companies do not want to buy the rubbish. One solution may be for the generators to set up "separate" companies and then "sell" their power stations to themselves. That would leave the duopoly able to continue to dominate the market while pretending they were competitors.

IN THE run-up to privatisation, critics were accused of scare-mongering when they predicted that the new water monopolies would make a fast buck by flogging off some of their vast tracts of land for unsuitable purposes.

And lo, it came to pass...

For the past two years Bradford council has been putting together a scheme for Yorkshire Water's disused 26-acre sewer bed site at Oakworth, Keighley. Next to the River Worth, it could sustain a wide range of wildlife and provide a green corridor into a grey industrial heartland. The idea has won all-party support and much approval from locals.

Predictably, Yorkshire Water has just flogged the site to a slightly higher bidder: a businessman who wants to enhance the area by building a huge caravan site on it. Very nice for Yorkshire Water's private shareholders.

Pre-school Nursery Facility Rhymes

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Having a trauma

EYE ITV

One-Day Strike (BBC1&2)
House of Windsor (ITV)
The Windsors (ITV)

THE FIRST 24-hour strike by NUJ and BECTU members at the BBC was more of a success in radio — where news virtually disappeared — than television, where the 6pm and 9pm news bulletins on BBC1 proceeded almost unaltered.

It is worth reflecting on one of the reasons for this. One of John Birt's management techniques has been to appoint friends to key presentational positions or — by taking a personal interest in appointments — ensuring an indebtedness from selected personnel.

Newsreader Anna Ford was a chum, as was social affairs editor Polly Toynbee. Political editor Robin "Smug Tory" Oakley became a Birt mane when poached by him from *The Times*. At the time, this was seen merely as croneyism and crawling, but, during a strike, it becomes clear that is was cunning. Birt had enough chums — plus bloody-minded right-winger and *Spectator* columnist John Simpson — to fill a whole bulletin.

So although many BBC strikers lost money in the "scabs sweepstake" organised in some offices by backing Ms Ford to stay off, she was never going to put solidarity before friendship and career debt.

There was, however, one surprise. The name everyone wanted in the "scabs sweepstake" was Nicholas Witchell, the orange-haired and blue-viewed *Breakfast Time* presenter. In previous stoppages, Witchell has even found other programmes to present as well as his own. But this time he stayed in bed and his sweepstake backers lost. Some attribute it to the late-found love of a good woman. Others to the fact that, his career having failed to progress as he hoped under Birt, Witchell no longer felt the devotion to BBC senior management that once he had. Whatever, the mechanics of striking — and strike-breaking — are a curious thing.

On ITV, which wasn't on strike, it was Royal Week, although, during the new Granada sit-com *House of Windsor*, viewers must have fervently hoped for a sudden burst of industrial action. Admittedly, the fact that ITV should be screening, without controversy, a Sunday night show taking the piss out of the royals could be regarded as a sign of the decline of the family's standing, but this still leaves the programme more interesting as sociology than comedy. When watched, it turns out not even to have been interesting as sociology, as its jokes are tame and safe, carefully avoiding topics like the media war between Charles and Diana.

This is bizarre, as it is proudly announced in the press material each week that the show is recorded on a Friday for topicality. In fact, most of the jokes could safely have been recorded on a Friday in about 1976. The second episode, for example, began with a joke about Prince Edward being gay, whereas the topical jokes are about Edward not being gay. This may, however, merely have been thematic as all the rest of the jokes are about the palace footmen being gay. Topical? Next week there'll probably be a crack about Captain Mark Phillips being a bit thick.

ITV's other new royal series, *The Windsors*, is about to find itself the beneficiary of one of Square Eyes' rare good reviews. The first episode of this four-part documentary series showed how royal attempts to manipulate the media by no means began with Diana. George V, in his dying hours, was despatched by his doctor to suit the deadlines of The Times. His casting off of his family's Germanic roots during the First World War had all the dimensions of what would now be called a "PR make-over".

In short, *The Windsors* — produced by Philip Whitehead — is serious, intelligent and beautifully made. So how the hell did it ever emerge from the ITV Network Centre? The answer is that its appearance in the ITV schedules on Wednesday 25 May was no coincidence. The first reports from the Independent Television Commission on the performance of the new ITV franchise-holders were due on Thursday 26th and were going to censure Carlton and the Network Centre generally for lack of documentaries and a surplus of tabloid television.

How odd that ITV's first classy documentary series for two years should suddenly appear. This was a reminder to the dingbats who constructed the last ITV franchise round of the way in which regulation of commercial television increased the choice available to the viewer rather than — as the right-wing rhetoric insisted — reduced it. The advertisers took care of provision of mass audience shows, while the IBA (replaced by the less powerful ITC) protected quality television. God bless the ITC for managing — if only briefly — to break ITV's strike on the screening of quality material.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

WHY WAS there a problem about John Birt going to John Smith's funeral?

Despite the outpourings of sentiment, it seems even Birt could not avoid the fact that Smith had been *furious* with him over the rescheduling of the *Panorama* on Westminster city council, and had written to him only a few days before his death bitterly complaining about it.

A FASCINATING document reaches the *Eye* shedding new light on the Normandy landings.

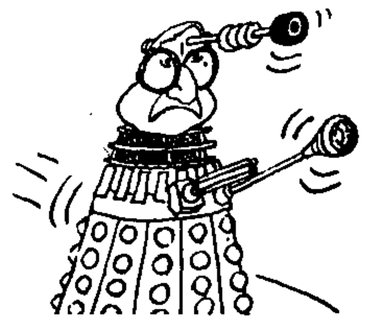
"It goes without saying that everybody on the D-Day team is under extreme pressure and that a combination of circumstances has made many people feel that they are under greater stress than ever before," the memo says.

It does not hail from Montgomery's bunker at the Overlord HQ in 1944, of course, but from John Birt's namby-pamby BBC of today.

Philip Gilbert, head of TV events, urges fretting staff involved in live D-Day broadcasts to consult the in-house stress councillor. Paula, from the occupational therapy department, is visiting his department so "anyone who feels it would be helpful to privately seek her advice should be able to do so in the most convenient way."

Cynics will scoff, but Gilbert really means it: "This is a serious message for everybody and if you feel that this sort of advice could be of help you *must* take advantage of it." Luckily our boys were made of sterner stuff 50 years ago.

BIRTSPEAK



EXTRACTS from a letter sent last month by Andy Davy, "Head of Resources" at BBC Scotland, to all "resource staff":

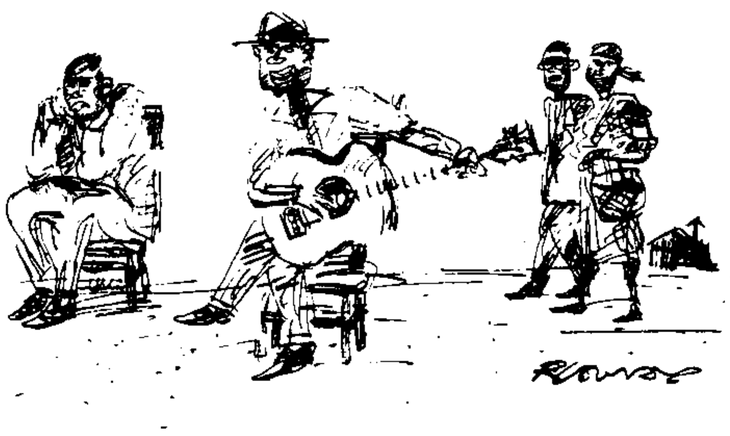
"Since September last year work has been going on to define a 'Mission Statement' for BBC Resources. This work has involved a wide range of managers from across the BBC, including all the local Resources management team. A Mission Statement is intended to encompass the overarching aims of an organisation, condensed into a few words that focus its day-to-day activities."

With trembling hands, one turns to the attached "mission statement", over which so many managers have toiled for so long. In its entirety, it runs as follows:

"BBC Resources Mission: We will be the most successful resources provider in the broadcasting industry enabling the BBC to maintain and develop its world class standing.

"In Scotland: We will deliver a resource base which is a net benefit to BBC Scotland by working *with* every programme maker to identify and deliver individually tailored, value-for-money programme resources. We will do this by creating and maintaining a partnership based on mutual trust, providing the best quality advice on programme resourcing and actively striving to make internal resources the best value choice."

Who would have guessed it?



"Since he became a recording star he employs that little man to have the blues for him"

LISTENERS to poptabulous Radio 1 may have noticed the frequency with which DJ Mark Goodier mentions comedy duo Collins and Merconi.

The erstwhile hacks on *Q* magazine started on 1FM with short daily drop-in slots on Goodier's afternoon programme and have just progressed to their own evening show. Goodier has been fulsome in his praise of these two funsters.

As well he might: the production company which has sold the Collins and Merconi show to Radio 1 — Wise Buddha Music.Radio Ltd — is owned by none other than Mark Goodier.

DURING the "killer flesh-eating bug" scare, GMTV's Martin Frizell was brave enough to handle a Petri dish containing the bacteria while reporting from a medical research laboratory.

Foolishly he failed to wash his hands in disinfectant afterwards, as he had been instructed, and instead went to the lavatory.

He emerged in something of a panic and phoned his newsdesk to tell them what he had done, speculating that it might result in the consumption of his organ. "It's all right, Martin," said a sympathetic news hack. "The killer bug eats flesh at the rate of one inch per hour. If you were infected, it would have disappeared by now."

I-BSkyB

THESE days I'm seeing more Sky at night than Patrick Moore.

GARRY BUSHELL
Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Nick Spence

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MARTIN GREGORY's bestseller exposing British Airways dirty tricks against Richard Branson has been pretty well reviewed — with one or two exceptions.

The most obvious is the *Sunday Telegraph*, whose City editor John Jay launched a ferocious attack on the book. Readers of the book will recall that the *Sunday Torygraph* City pages were always ready to accommodate the BA point of view. They found, for instance, "not a whiff of dirty tricks" at BA.

Frank Kane, one of Jay's underlings at the time, who has since moved via the *Grauniad* to the *Sunday Times*, was so angry with the references to him in Gregory's book he fired off a solicitor's letter. No writ has yet been issued.

Gregory's publishers are also waiting anxiously for the writ promised by Christopher Wain, a BBC transport correspondent, who was so furious at his portrayal in the book as a friendly source for BA that he unsuccessfully tried to persuade the BBC not to interview Gregory on the ground that he, Wain, and the BBC were going to sue the book.

Another journalist unimpressed by the book was George Pitcher of *Marketing Week*, whose enthusiasm for BA is legendary. No review has yet been published in *The Times*, whose new city editor Melvyn Marckus is married to one of the daughters of Lord King... former chairman of British Airways... current director of the Telegraph group.

THE Royal Fine Art Commission has declared that plans for a twin-reactor nuclear power station at Sizewell in Suffolk would improve the scenery.

The commission chairman, Lord St John of Fawsley, says the single dome of Sizewell B looks "like a sort of bump" on the flat East Anglian landscape and would be better if joined by Sizewell C with two more spheres. One ball bad, he says, three balls good.

Other sites which might benefit from the Stevas treatment, with additional nuclear reactors, are the Romney Marshes (Dungeness) the Somerset Wetlands (Hinkley Point) and the Lake District (Sellafield). And why not erect one in St Andrew's Street, Cambridge, where Stevas resides as Master of Emmanuel College.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

FEATHERS flew at the London Philharmonic Orchestra (LPO) agm last month when an almost entirely new board was elected with its third chairman in six months: violinist Robert St John Wright.

Unfortunately the brains in the new board end there. His colleagues include such bantamweights, bullies and piss-artists as Nick Busch (vice-chairman), John Price and Owen Slade.

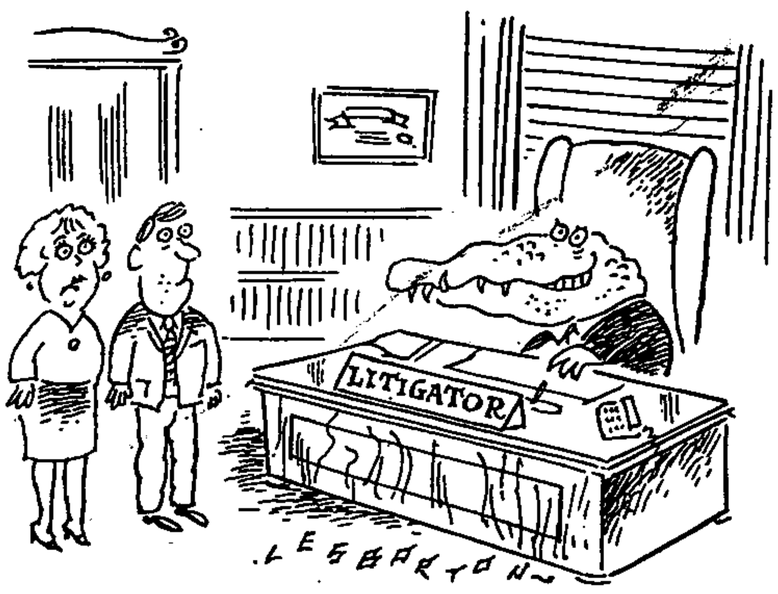
Busch, who was chairman during another particularly bleak period in the early 80s, had already set the cat among the pigeons with a letter to members of the orchestra blaming its parlous finances and artistic policy on mistakes, and far worse, by former boss John Willan, and chairman of the LPO Trust, Elliot Bernerd.

Libel actions against Busch are being considered.

At the agm itself attacks were mounted on able and long-serving concerts director Rowena Browne, which resulted in her resigning on the spot. MD Chris Lawrence, who, it is rumoured, is working without pay for the time being, was asked if he had yet "dealt with" Elliot Bernerd, and about how the orchestra manages to be in such terrible shape when arch-rivals, the Philharmonia, recipients of the same level of grant, are blazing trails of artistic success across Europe.

The new LPO administration's first change will apparently be an attempt to wrest back control of the board from the non-playing directors appointed in the Willan era, with enthusiastic backing from the Arts Council and David Mellor. But if orchestras will heed advice from such quarters, should anyone be surprised that they end up in the sort of mess the LPO now finds itself?

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'



SALLY DEEDES

FOLLOWING the deaths last year of his aunt and father, reader Basil Howitt had the misfortune, as the last surviving member of his family, to be the executor of two sets of wills — and to have to deal with two sets of incompetent solicitors.

As a consequence of the lawyers' cock-ups, Mr Howitt was unable to carry out his relations' final wishes.

When it became obvious last December that his aunt was shortly to die, Mr Howitt rang her solicitors, Yablon, Temple-Milnes and Carr of Bradford, and asked what funeral arrangements she had requested.

According to a will drawn up in 1984, he was told, she wanted her funeral service to take place at Eastriggs and her ashes to be scattered spread on the moors north of Bradford. Everything had been left to Mr Howitt save for £1,000 which went to his ex-wife. Mr Howitt was sure another will had been made and said so, but was told this was the only one. He informally told his wife of the bequest.

When his aunt died two weeks later, Mr Howitt immediately telephoned the undertaker in Eastriggs who promptly arranged the funeral and informed the local newspaper. Three days later an urgent message came through from the solicitor: a second will *had* been found. It dispensed with the church service, changed the venue for the ashes and cut Mr Howitt's ex-wife out of the will.

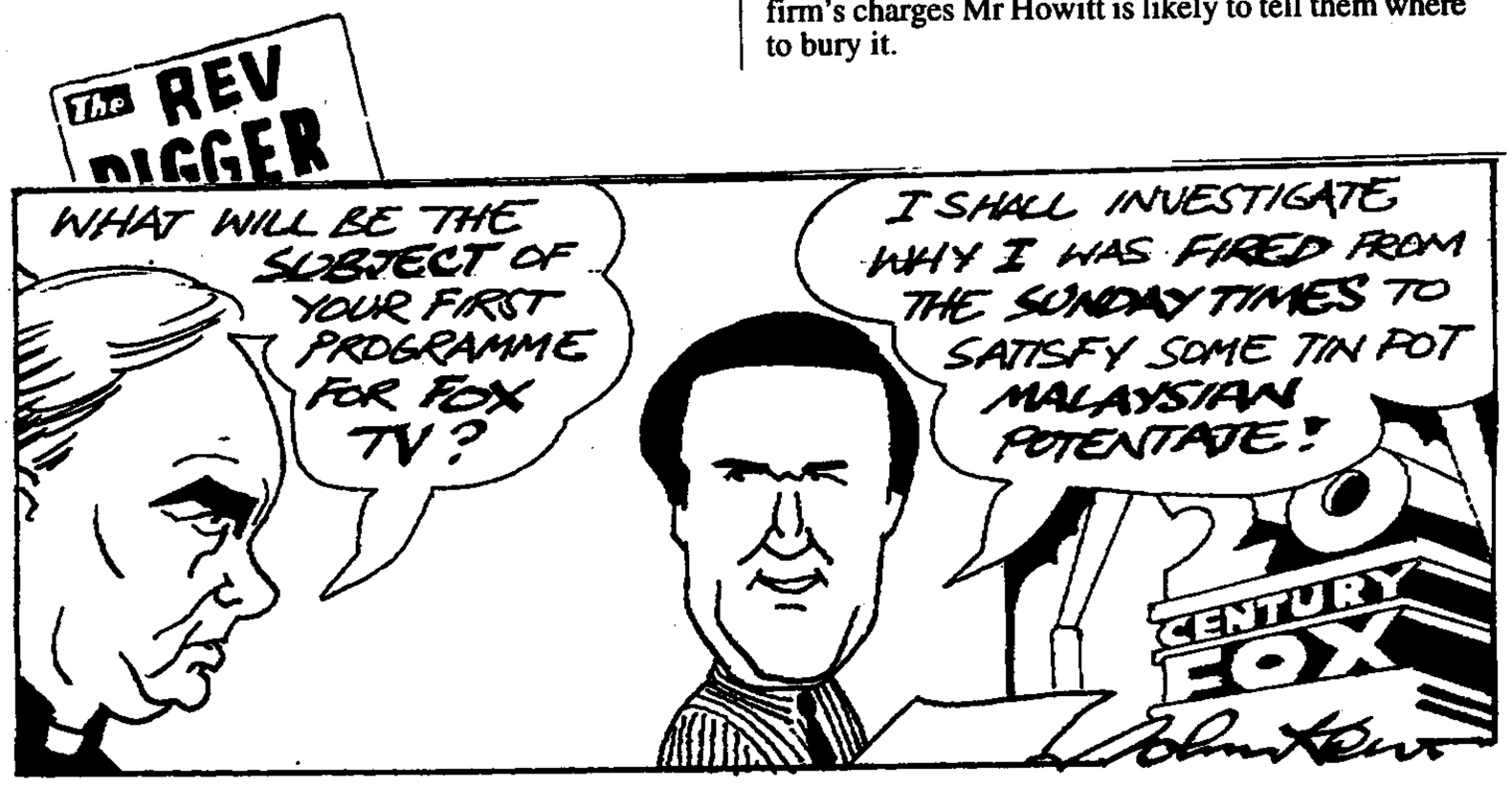
It was now too late to change the arrangements and the funeral went ahead contrary to his aunt's final wishes. Mr Howitt told the solicitors to break the news to his ex-wife. Two weeks later a whopping bill arrived — at £114 an hour for legal help, £7 for phone calls etc.

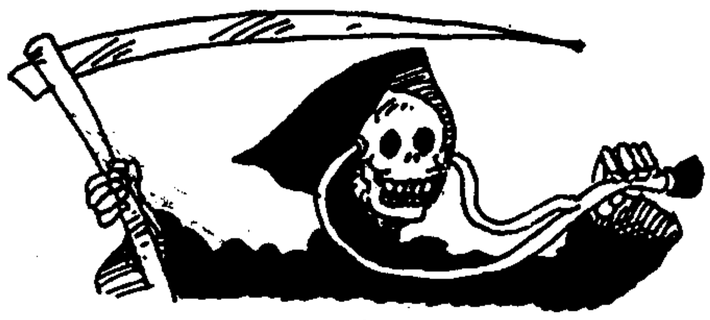
Two weeks ago Mr Howitt's father was on the point of death. Again he phoned the solicitors, Taylor, Kirkman and Mainprice of Bramhall, Cheshire. Were there any special funeral arrangements he had to bear in mind? No, simply a private funeral and cremation.

After Mr Howitt senior's death the will arrived along with the will of his mother who had died some five years previously. Smelling a rat he rang the solicitors again — sure enough there was *another* will. Nothing special, said a girl.

It arrived in the post two days later, the day before the funeral — and contained a codicil specifically bequeathing his body for research at Liverpool university!

Should these latter solicitors send a note of the firm's charges Mr Howitt is likely to tell them where to bury it.


The REV DIGGER
WHAT WILL BE THE SUBJECT OF YOUR FIRST PROGRAMME FOR FOX TV?
I SHALL INVESTIGATE WHY I WAS FIRED FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES TO SATISFY SOME TIN POT MALAYSIAN POTENTATE!
20 CENTURY FOX



DOING THE ROUNDS

SENIOR house officers in obstetrics and gynaecology at Hammersmith's prestigious Queen Charlotte's hospital are still working an outlawed 1 in 3 rota with internal cover, despite Virginia Le Bottomy's protestations to the contrary.

This means they spend much of the year working every other night in addition to their arduous day duties covering for absent colleagues. When they do get a day off, they are expected to spend it preparing to be humiliated in meetings by their exacting consultants. Nice work if you can get it...

● DR BRIDGET O'Connell, the consultant paediatrician suspended from **Ilford's King George hospital** since 1982 after expressing concerns about the standard of patient care (*Eyes passim*), has won her legal battle against **North Thames regional health authority**.

NETRHA suspended Dr O'Connell for her alleged "inability to relate effectively with her clinical colleagues" promising a full and frank inquiry. Curiously it never materialised. **NETRHA** has withdrawn all its allegations, acknowledged Dr O'Connell's concern for good patient care, apologised for the distress and damage to her professional reputation and agreed to pay damages. And it only 12 years to do so.

ABSOLUTELY MENTAL

● THE government's community care plans for psychiatric patients continue to work brilliantly. One deprived urban general practice in Bristol was recently allocated three psychotic patients by the **FHSA** because hospital beds were not available. With their notes came the helpful warning: "Do not approach."

● **Kingston hospital NHS trust (KHNT)** has spent £200,000 refurbishing two NHS wards for private patients — a decision taken without discussion with consultant staff.

Unfortunately there is already a surfeit of private beds in south-west London, with the **Royal Masonic** having to slash its prices to fill beds. Consequently **KHNT** is struggling to recoup its investment. Chief executive John Langan closed the hospital to all routine admissions from 18 to 27 May giving the usual reasons: an unexpected influx of emergency patients and an inability to offload the elderly into nursing homes.

● THE business directorate of **Bristol's Frenchay healthcare trust** is not at all bashful about two-tier service provision. A memo to local GPs reads; "STOP PRESS... We are pleased to announce the creation of a new GP fundholder pain service clinic. This will be run by Dr Diamond on a weekly basis for GP fundholder patients. If you wish to refer your patient to this clinic, please mark your envelope **FAO Dr Diamond — GP Fundholder Clinic.** As this is a new clinic, there is no waiting list at the moment. If you have any queries, please do not hesitate to contact the customer services helpdesk on 0272 753741/742/753 or by fax on 0272 753740."

FUN, FUN, FUNDHOLDING

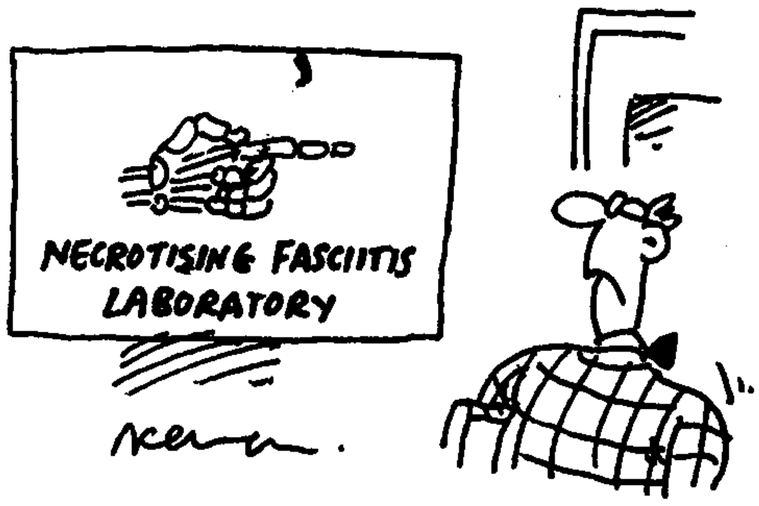
● TORY couple Baroness Gardner and her husband Kevin Gardner have somehow both been appointed to the chair of two London hospitals: the **Royal Free** and the **Royal National Ear, Nose and Throat**, respectively.

● IN **EPSOM**, a GP fundholding practice (Dr T Richardson and partners) and a private company, **Environmental and Medical Products (EMP) Ltd**, have clubbed together to open a private day surgery unit in direct competition with **Epsom district hospital**, which itself has opened a new surgical day unit.

Consultants will be brought in from **Kingston NHS trust hospital** to staff the unit, on the understanding that patients requiring further investigation or in-patient treatment will have to travel to Kingston. No mention is made in EMP's leaflet as to what trained staff and facilities are available in an emergency.

EXECUTIVE STRESS

● THE **NHS Executive (NHSE)** has been churning out memos that are sure to have far-reaching effects on the health of the nation. "March 1994. To all staff. The NHS Executive should *never* be abbreviated to NHSA. NHS Executive headquarters may be referred to as



headquarters if the context is clear, but *never* HOME, HQ, EHQ, or the centre. The regional offices of the NHS Executive may be referred to as regional offices (lower case letters) or ROs. They must *never* be referred to as ROME. The NHS Executive Board may be abbreviated to the Board but *never* the NHSEB or the new ME." In April a further memo was circulated "on the instructions of the Prime Minister" forbidding all *in confidence* markings, and replacing them with *top secret*.

● MANAGERS at **Darlington Memorial hospital** have been censoring consultants' mail. Three consultants' letters to GPs alerting them to likely delays in sending out test results and reports were intercepted by junior managers and rewritten before being sent on. The original letters explained that delays were due to medical secretaries' sick leave and holidays, and a lack of adequate replacements.

STICKY MOMENTS

● **KENT and Sussex Weald NHS trust** has decided unilaterally to opt out of the national Whitley Council terms and conditions of service for doctors and impose its own. The trust is ignoring doctors' sick pay rights, accumulated elsewhere in the NHS, when they join the hospital as consultants. Some travel costs and protected salaries have also been abolished. In response to consultants' accusation that the hospital was opting out of the NHS, junior health minister Tom Sackville replied: "Trusts are separate entities. They are free to set their own terms and conditions."

● **Brighton healthcare trust** has recruited four managers for a "Sellotape Working Party". As trust chairman John Spiers put it: "This task force will stop clutter and rubbish stuck all over the place."

M.D.

BANKERS

BARRY CHAPMAN, former chairman of family-based packaging company, J S Bass (*Eyes passim*), has succeeded in overturning a *third* attempt by accountants Ernst & Young to have him declared bankrupt.

In Mr Chapman's opinion, the desire is to silence him since to have him declared bankrupt would be of no help to anyone — least of all to his creditors, a point which was upheld by the courts.

Since 1988, when Barclays Bank withdrew its support from Mr Chapman's company (following an unfavourable report from Ernst & Young as to its solvency), and Ernst & Young was appointed joint liquidator with Grant Thornton, Mr Chapman has been asking questions about the liquidation, the answers to which he believes would incriminate Ernst & Young.

● Why was the projected profit from J S Bass subsidiary Southern and Darwent adjusted from £120,000 (in line with past and projected accounts) to a loss of £47,000 in the accounts circulated by Ernst & Young?

No explanation has been given and the company was sold on the basis of these undervalued accounts.

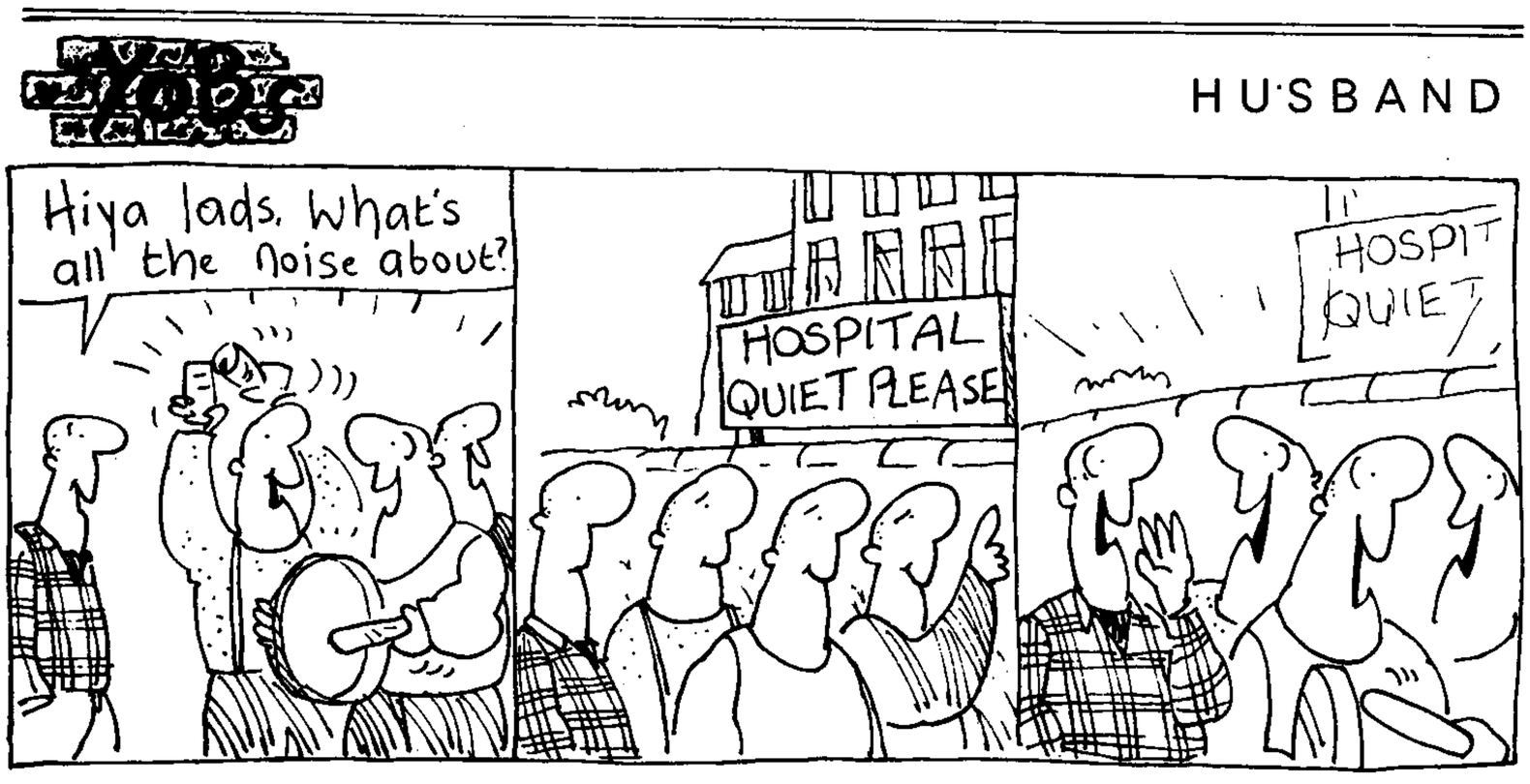
● Why was a Bass property in Adelphi Street, Manchester, valued in 1988 at £287,000, sold by the accountants for just £210,000, without going through a land agent, to a company called Phoenix Construction, which according to Companies House had not traded for two years and was itself insolvent to the tune of £772,650?

● Why was a further building in Castlefield sold for £500,000 to Bosley Homes, when a director's value of £1 million had been placed on the property? A week earlier, a Mr Birch, managing director of Bosley Homes, had agreed at a meeting with Barclays to complete the deal for £1 million in eight weeks' time.

No valuation alleged to exist to justify these sales has ever been seen. Ernst & Young agreed to provide the director's lawyers with valuations provided they agreed not to discuss them with their clients, a condition to which the lawyers refused since creditors have the right to request sight of such documents.

The importance of these documents is crucial since on 10 December 1988 Ernst & Young requested from the directors the 1980 valuation for the same properties. No explanation was given why they wished to obtain them, but the Adelphi property was subsequently sold at the 1980 valuation.

In October 1992, a meeting was held between the Chapman family, Sir Fergus Montgomery, their local MP, and a partner in Ernst & Young, Mr John Warren. At the meeting Mr Warren said he would make an exception of his firm's policy and show the meeting the valuation of the sold properties. He then produced three letters, all of which were dated *after* the sales and were therefore obviously not valuations. Mr Warren could not explain why he had presented them as such. He has since retired from Ernst & Young due to ill health, and so Mr Chapman's professional complaint against him can no longer be pursued.



DOWN ON THE FARM

ON 1989, a few months after about-to-be-failed Euro-MP Edwina Currie had started her infamous salmonella scare, Sir Jerry Wiggin's Commons agriculture committee rejected criticisms that the public health laboratory service's (PHLS) evidence had been a put-up job.

It told a prominent critic that he had been "seduced by a scarcity of positive proof into ignoring weighty circumstantial evidence".

Late last month the same committee led by the same egregious Wiggin again reported on the salmonella issue. This time, however, it considered it "unsatisfactory that so much of the evidence submitted to us by the PHLS is based on unpublished research" and told the government to "consider ways of improving the quality of investigations of outbreaks and their documentation".

Of course the even-handed Wiggin — who in 1989 endorsed the now discredited poultry slaughter programme which wiped out 3.5 million egg-laying birds — had no cause to doubt that "the PHLS's integrity and impartiality in its presentation of data relating to food-poisoning outbreaks".

The interesting thing is that most of the data on food-poisoning outbreaks is "unpublished", the very defect about which Sir Jerry and his Wigginettes have complained. Their lack of doubt about the PHLS's "integrity", however, could hardly reflect their ignorance as they obviously know enough to recommend that investigation procedures should be improved. And if they know more about the PHLS than they are admitting, shouldn't we all be told?

EGG PRODUCERS are marvelling at the astonishing recent somersault of Barbara McFadyen, the civil servant in charge of eggs and poultry branch at the ministry of agriculture, aka the Maffia.

Perhaps feeling belatedly guilty about the damage her ministry had done to the egg industry during the salmonella debacle, she was at pains to reassure the egg men that the Maffia had opposed the latest insanity proposed by Europe.

The proposal, from the "EU Standing Veterinary Committee" restricts the "sell by" dates of eggs kept at or below 20°C to a maximum of 21 days and will require producers to relabel their egg packs after already having been forced to buy new packaging to comply with the last lot of Euro-law. McFadyen had even written to producers telling them legislation was "not appropriate" and that the proposal was "complex and over-onerous in enforcement and cost terms".

Egg producers were, therefore, somewhat nonplussed to learn that, when the issue came to a vote in Europe, no less a person than the caring Barbara McFadyen had voted *for* it. Her ingenious explanation was that, since all the other countries had opted for the measure, the Maffia could not be left out on a limb and, at the last moment, had fallen into line.

Now that the Maffia will vote for legislation it considers "not appropriate" and "complex and over-onerous", chairman of the egg producers' association, Andy Oatley, wonders whether there is anything it will *not* vote for in the mad cockpit of European agricultural politics.

MCFADYEN must be regretting her attachment to the Maffia's least popular branch — postings to the Northern Ireland office are even said to be more popular.

Not least of her other problems is the pig industry which, after a run of disease outbreaks, has had a devastating run of poor prices and lack of profitability.

No sooner have prices started to rise to a level where producers are not losing money, however, than the industry has been hit by a massive importation of low-cost Dutch pigmeat. Prices are so low it is estimated that each animal must be losing its owners around £20 a head.

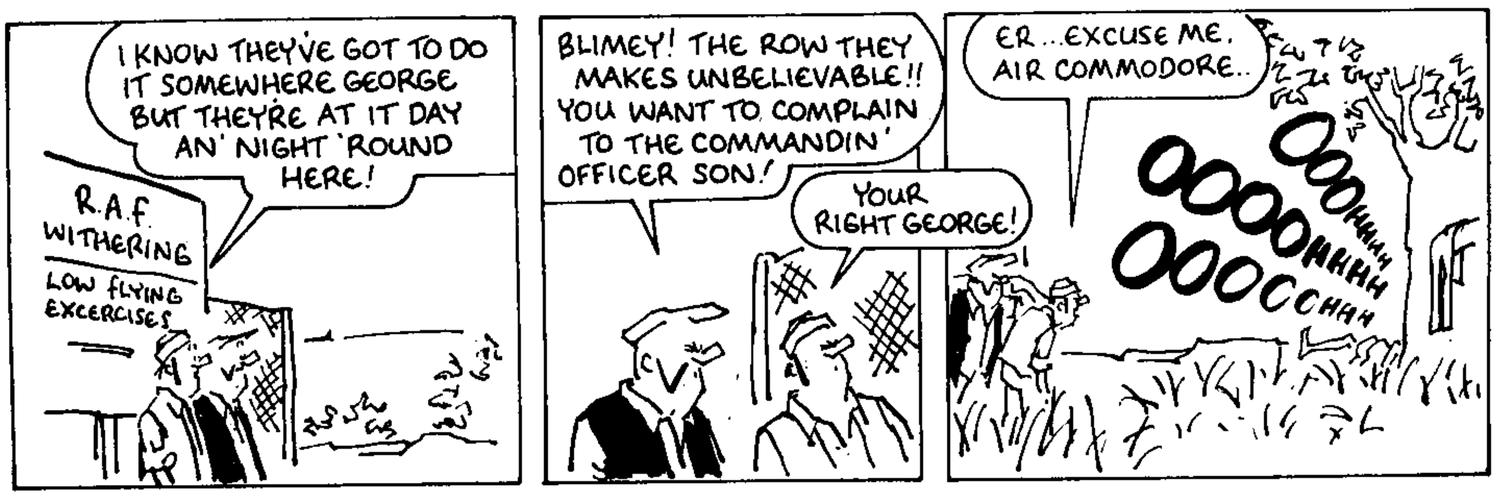
Aggrieved British producers are under no doubt that subsidies or grants — illegal under EC law — are being paid to their competitors. They point to business grants of up to £160 per head to Dutch producers to replace stock lost to swine fever. And while British farms close through lack of cash, Dutch banks, with the compliance of a benevolent government, are writing down or writing off loans to the farms.

Robert Hicks, the cricketing and golfing MP for Cornwall South East, has suggested a ban on Dutch pigs to protect UK interests. But, to judge from the recent McFadyen track record, she will vote against any such proposal, while telling her increasingly desperate pig producers how much the Maffia is doing to look after their interests.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

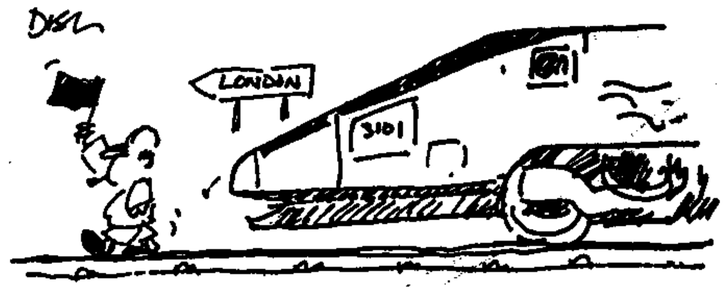

I KNOW THEY'VE GOT TO DO IT SOMEWHERE GEORGE BUT THEYRE AT IT DAY AN' NIGHT 'ROUND HERE!
R.A.F WITHERING
LOW FLYING EXCERCISES
BLIMEY! THE ROW THEY MAKES UNBELIEVABLE!! YOU WANT TO COMPLAIN TO THE COMMANDIN' OFFICER SON!
YOUR RIGHT GEORGE!
ER...EXCUSE ME, AIR COMMODORE..
OOOOHHHH
OOOOHHHH
OOOCCHHH

WEEDING dress ivory romantic on or off shoulders, size 10, hoop underskirt included, £40 ono. Tel. 0483 62479

Guildford Times

COMPLETELY ORGASMIC PLANTS. Over 1000 varieties of herbaceous plants, many rare. Holders of National Collection of Hardy Geraniums. Beautiful gardens of interest to the connoisseur or casual visitor.

Garden Answers



RAIL NEWS

THE government is to employ a civil servant to slag off British Rail in one final pathetic attempt to stir up enthusiasm for rail privatisation.

A new post has been created at the department of transport for someone to research restrictive practices and any other examples of poor management at BR. The government will use the information to show how BR is even worse than we thought it was — and how much better the railways would be in private hands.

What John MacGregor, the transport secretary, has overlooked is that if BR is crap it is the government's fault: the Tories, after all, have made all the appointments to the BR Board for the last 15 years.

In fact the government will shoot itself in both feet with this appointment because the managers it wants to vilify are the very people who are now seriously considering taking on private rail franchises. If the government makes them look really incompetent, the financial institutions will decide it is too risky to lend them large sums of money, their management buy-outs will founder... and the franchises will be handed over to, er, BR.

RAILTRACK, owner of the BR infrastructure, is so desperate to make the profit demanded by government it is even prepared, in effect, to grab money destined for charities.

Traditionally at many stations and depots local railmen and others have organised rail fairs which allow kids to climb inside engine cabs and perhaps take a short trip behind a steam engine. The events were organised cheaply through the cooperation and goodwill of various bits of BR. Most of the takings, which would typically total more than £15,000, were donated to local charities.

But all that has changed in the grasping era of privatisation. Just a month after Railtrack came into being, a rail fair at Exeter was very nearly abandoned because Railtrack was demanding £7.50 per mile for each train or engine to use its tracks to get to Exeter Riverside station.

The driver of one vintage loco rang the Exeter signalman to request a green light to proceed to Exeter on Railtrack property from private tracks at Taunton. The signalman (Railtrack employee) asked who was paying the track access charge and there was a two-hour wait during negotiations. The loco arrived a day late, and the fair only went ahead because Railtrack agreed to a one-off waiving of its access charge.

Similar stories can be told at Worcester and the West Highland line. Privatisation was meant to encourage better marketing, but within weeks of the New Order, events designed to introduce rail services in a friendly, informal way to local people have gone out of the window.

LUVVIES

"Specifically, I try to bring to a role a focus of the consciousness of the universality we all share, by a rearrangement of my own personal experience which comes from a philosophy of understanding that's all about oneness, that we're all on this earth together and that we are all in essence the same being."

BETTY BUCKLEY
(star of Andrew Lloyd Webber's Sunset Boulevard)
Evening Standard

Submitted by Janice James.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

LAMBETH

CAN the Liberal Democrats and Labour, both with 24 seats, foster a new spirit of cooperation to solve Lambeth's dreadful financial problems?

Er, no.

The council has debts of more than £200 million, and £20 million is simply "missing" from various budgets; but the councillors are busy squabbling over who should be mayor.

The mayor has a crucial casting vote at full council meetings. Whichever party wins is sure to call the shots when it comes to reaching a pact to sort out this most loony of councils.

Labour says it should choose the mayor since it won most votes in the election. The Liberals argue that they deserve the honour because they made the most seat gains. The Tories (16 seats) believe the mayor should come from their ranks because they hold the balance of power.

They most likely outcome is a deal between Tories and Labour for both the mayoralty and council control. Why? Because they hate the Liberals more than they hate each other.

BELFAST

THE worst local government job in the United Kingdom is going begging: Belfast city council is looking for another chief executive.

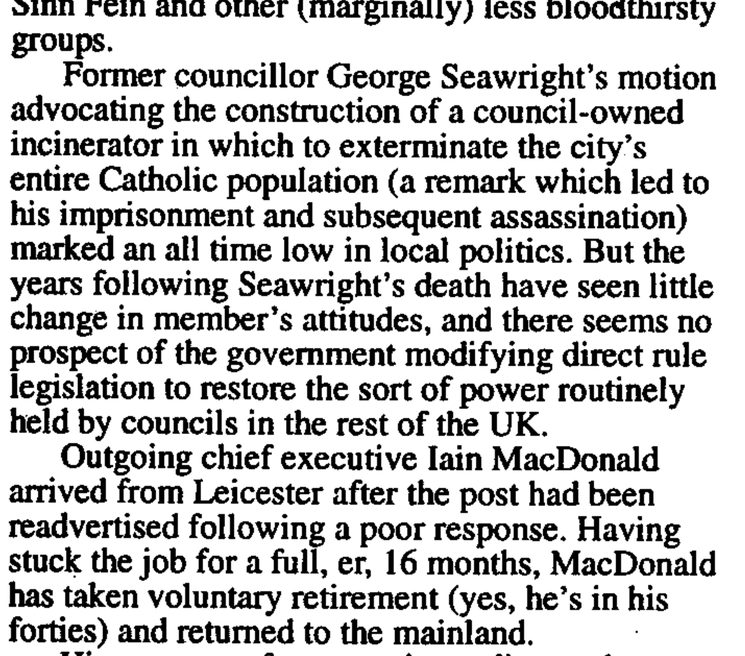
Normally an organisation which employs 2,570 staff from a splendid Victorian HQ could expect many high calibre applicants, not least because the basic £58,000 salary goes a long way in a province where housing costs roughly half those of, say, southern England.

But the chamber plays host to some of the western world's most revolting politicians (all of them elected under the single transferable vote method of proportional representation) and council officials, as well as the ever present RUC, are subjected to endless jousts between members of Sinn Fein and other (marginally) less bloodthirsty groups.

Former councillor George Seawright's motion advocating the construction of a council-owned incinerator in which to exterminate the city's entire Catholic population (a remark which led to his imprisonment and subsequent assassination) marked an all time low in local politics. But the years following Seawright's death have seen little change in member's attitudes, and there seems no prospect of the government modifying direct rule legislation to restore the sort of power routinely held by councils in the rest of the UK.

Outgoing chief executive Iain MacDonald arrived from Leicester after the post had been readvertised following a poor response. Having stuck the job for a full, er, 16 months, MacDonald has taken voluntary retirement (yes, he's in his forties) and returned to the mainland.

His successor faces two immediate tasks: rebuilding the City Hall offices used by Sinn Fein councillors following last week's bombings; and deciding the fate of the city's official Sergeant at Mace Dermot Megarry, currently suspended after apparently providing a graphic description of the "Lord Mayor's ball" to an American tourist.



Letters

PrivateEye

Soundalike

Sir,

Have any other readers noticed the remarkable similarity between Edward Kennedy's speech at the Democratic Convention in August 1990, and Gordon Brown's speech at the Welsh Labour party conference on 22 May?

Kennedy said: "The work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die."

Brown said: "The flame still burns, the work continues, the passion for justice endures and the vision will never fade."

Are they by any chance related?

Yours faithfully,
GEOFFREY MEAD,
London SW15.

Tall story

Sir,

You attack many of the Tory tabloids for "fine old humbug" in their treatment of the tragic death of John Smith (Colour Section, 846).

Yet that same issue was crammed full with distasteful jokes which none of the gutter press you constantly and rightly deride would ever have considered publishing. With such double-standards, I wonder whether your organ and the "Street of Shame" are by any chance related?

If I had to choose between the respectful, dignified hypocrisy of the SUN, *or the shallow, snide, pseudo-satire of the* EYE, *it would be with joy that I would fill Mr Murdoch's coffers.*

I remain, sir, a loyal but pissed-off reader.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN TALL,
Waterloo, Liverpool.

Fat barrister

Sir,

Pass the largest sickbag! So John Smith was "a chum of Lord Gnome's" (HP Sauce, 846)? Surely not the same citizen Smith who was referred to in EYES PASSIM *as a fat, well-to-do, smug, aloof barrister? After pointing out the par-for-the-course hypocrisy of parliament, is it so hard to remember your previous issue's likening of the dear departed to our current prime vegetable? The cruellest cut of all.*

Ken Livingstone took all of an hour to renege on his blaming Smith for the '92 election defeat and find a TV camera to publicly remember the greatness of the man. Livingstone's a creep. What's your excuse?

In memoriam ad nauseam,
K R HARRISON,
Liverpool

Up and away

Sir,

Regarding EYE *846 and the cartoon of the angelic John Smith.*

Very witty, I'm sure. However, I would like to believe that John is up there in heaven, enjoying a peace unlikely to be shared by Tebbit, Archer or other sub-humans of that ilk.

Or by the PRIVATE EYE *team, for that matter.*

Yours faithfully,
JAMES MORRISON,
Aberdeen

BIRTHDAYS

[redacted] Mr David Hunt, MP, Secretary of State for Unemployment, 52; and **Mr Leo Sayer,** singer, 46.

The Daily Telegraph

Reg Barney

Sir,

Re: the smart remarks in TV Eye (20 May) aiming blows at Jim Watt, Jim Rosenthal and myself for ITV's coverage of the Pyatt-Collins title fight. Because the referee stopped the fight sooner than some expected, including Jim Watt, why should we assume it was because of the earlier ring tragedy of Bradley Stone?

Had we done so the ref would have had grounds for complaint. He stepped in at what he considered the appropriate time.

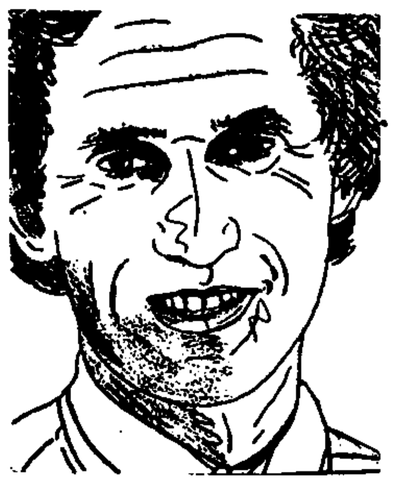
Rosenthal did end the presentation with "Pyatt is a bit unhappy with the stoppage but in view of the recent tragedy perhaps we should not be too hard on the referee."

Did your writer hear that? Did he bollocks.

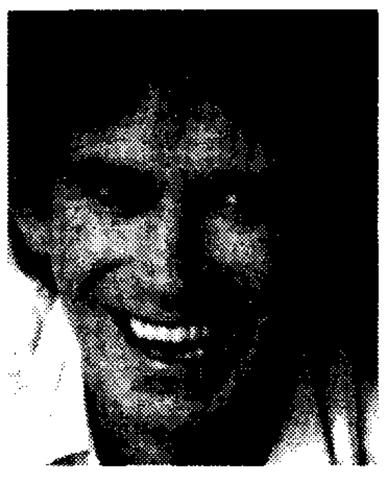
REG GUTTERIDGE,
ITV Sport.

Last round: The other analyser was Duke McKenzie, not Lloyd. Just another bollocks up. The punch-drunk syndrome obviously spreads to hacks.

Lookalike



Richards



Brummer

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the uncanny resemblance between THE GUARDIAN*'s Alex Brummer and young Keith (one more tour before I lose my looks) Richards, of Rolling Stones fame? I think we should be told.*

Yours,
PETER PAWLENMARY,
Berkhamsted, Herts.

Clear Sky

Sir,

At the risk of receiving another volley of personal abuse, I offer just a few more facts about satellite television.

The regulatory "maze" as you call it, is not that much of a puzzle. All British companies, including newspaper proprietors, are allowed to own as many non-domestic satellite services they like. The reason is that satellite channels are theoretically unlimited in number. News International has stakes in eight Astra services; Pearson in 10. Lord Rothermere could have 20 if he were so minded.

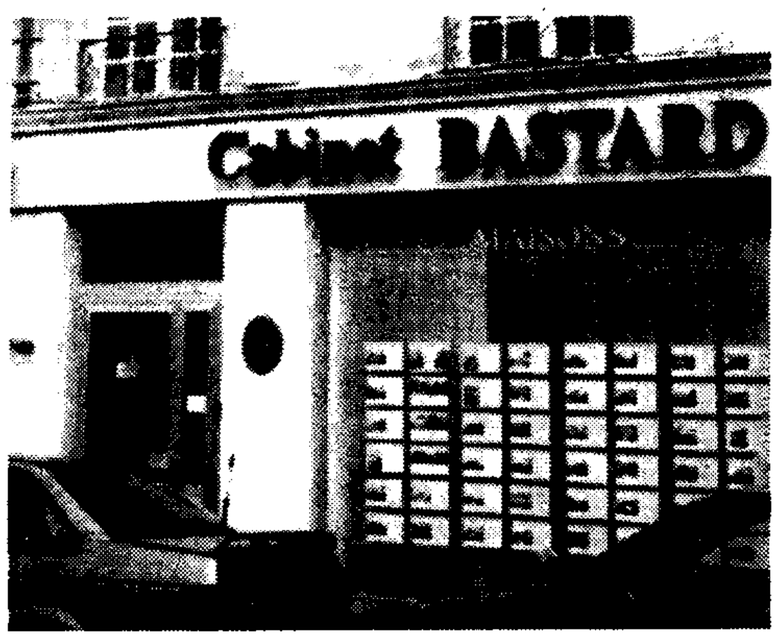
Equally, no owner of a satellite service is allowed a controlling stake in a channel 3 licence — and vice versa because terrestrial frequencies are scarce, and their ownership is controlled. The place where the satellite itself is operated from is irrelevant to where the satellite service is up-linked and licensed. All BSkyB services are up-linked from the UK, and regulated by the ITC. There is no Luxembourg factor.

The ITC's rules for content regulation (taste and decency, etc) are identical for terrestrial and satellite licensees, except in one minor respect; 15-rated films may be shown at 8pm on encrypted subscription film channels, but not till 9pm on free TV. No 18-rated film can be shown before 10pm on any ITC-licensed service, including the premium film channels.

Finally, BSkyB commissions or produces over 12,000 hours of original programming every year, at a cost of well over £100 million annually. 1,000 hours of this is for Sky One (as much as I ever commissioned in a year whilst at Thames).

Yours faithfully,
DAVID ELSTEIN,
Head of programming, Sky TV.

I-SPY *Caen, France*



Submitted by Chris Hales. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Burning issue

Sir,

On page 18 of issue 846 you list some voluntary tobacco restrictions and you claim they are in full. You are not correct in claiming "in full" as a most important voluntary restriction was missed, and I quote: "The tobacco industry will not advertise on hoardings in the run-up to an election as the hoardings are needed for free display of Tory party posters."

Yours truly,
DAVID H WALTON,
Peterborough.

LIPA lippy

Sir,

Piloti wrote a lively piece on the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts without the dreary business of ensuring factual accuracy. So, just for the record:

1. Paul McCartney is LIPA's largest private donor.

2. To be able to let the contract, LIPA, quite naturally, had to obtain both planning permission and listed building consent;

3. Only the rear roof elevation was left without slates wholly because our work required alteration to this area;

4. Extensive dry and wet rot necessitates the complete removal of wood and plaster;

5. The original gym was a two storey building; the new building will have three storeys, plus a roof containing the air handling plant;

6. The rear of the building was required to provide much needed landscaping and car parking.

All the best,
MARK FEATHERSTONE-WITTY,
Chief executive, the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts

● ***We have a letter purporting to come from Mr Paul Birrell at the LSE but there is no way of knowing whether it is a hoax. Could he please contact the*** EYE ***to clarify?***

DDT-Day

Sir,

Please can you help me? I am trying to trace any ex-comrades of my late husband, or anyone else who can give me any information about the unit in which my husband served during the war.

My husband was then: 14651020 Fusilier John Harris, No 6 Platoon, No 1 Independent M G Coy, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Att to the Guards Armoured Division, BLA.

After going through Belgium and Holland and into Germany, his unit were subject to being sprayed with DDT. This we believed could have been the cause of my husband's many years of ill health.

When he applied for a war pension he was refused. According to the War Pensions Department, Army Records did not have this unit in their files and it was implied that it was a figment of my husband's imagination. (Virtually calling my husband a liar.)

Yours sincerely,
R A HARRIS (MRS),
King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Cashing in

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the similarity between John Major and the character of Money in the current Access adverts? Not only do they look the same, but with the same voice and dull grey colour, surely they must be related. I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
JONATHAN PARTINGTON,
Rossendale, Lancs.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Everything in Halifax's favour is against them tonight."
EDDIE HEMMINGS, Sky Sport
(Anon)

"They've made a good start. Now it's my job to get their heads back on the ground."
BILLY AYRES (Blackpool FC Manager)
(Stephen Jarvis)

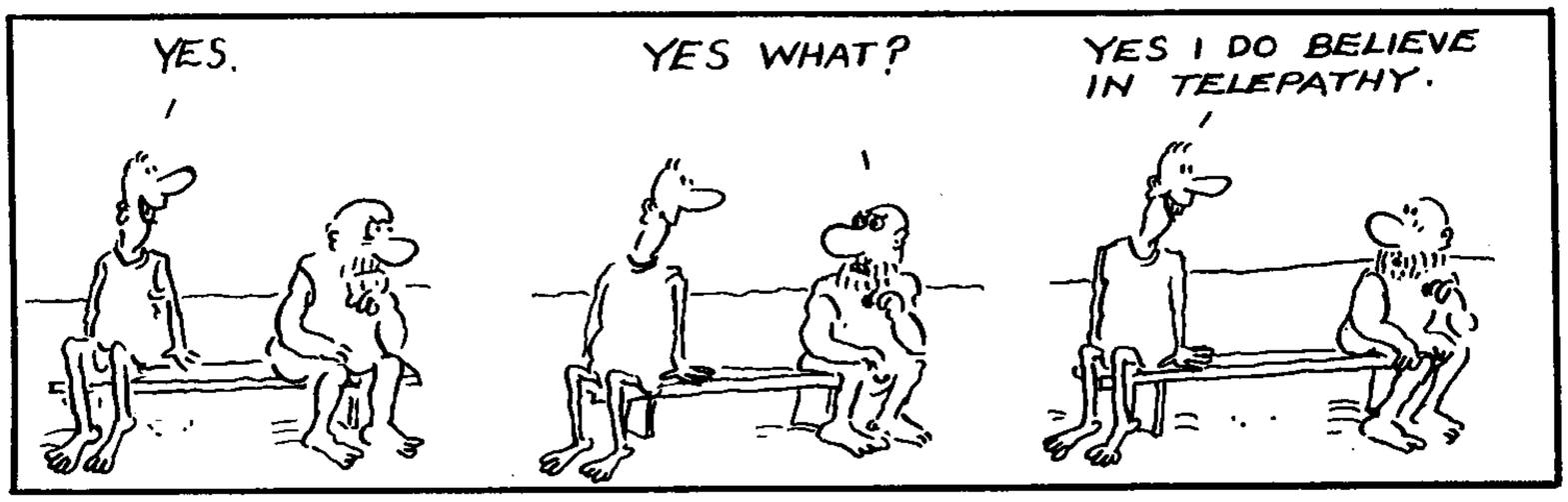
"... you look at the West Bromwich players and you get the feeling their heads have wilted..."
RON ATKINSON, LWT
(Michael Patterson)

"You sometimes open your mouth and it punches you straight between the eyes..."
PADDY CRERAND, GMR Radio
(Ken Wallace)

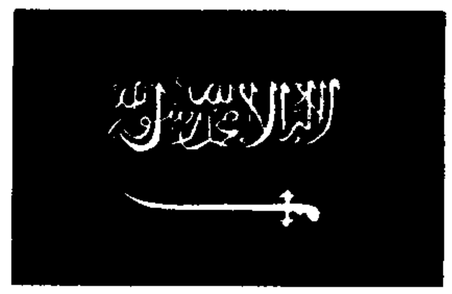
Denis Taylor: *The thing about Davis is he never plays a careless shot.*
Clive Everton: *Not without due thought.*
BBC2
(M. James)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Saudi Arabia



from Our Own Correspondent

PAROXYSMS of angst are sweeping through our 5,000-strong royal family following a report into the most sensitive question on the political agenda: who will succeed our ailing 73-year-old leader, King Fahd?

The report, from the Washington Institute for Near East Policy (WINEP), notes that the Crown Prince, Abdullah, is also more than 70; and that the next most likely candidate for the throne, Sultan, turns 70 this year. This in a land whose kings almost all die in their early, er, seventies.

"The kingdom is therefore facing the prospect of having to appoint a new king every two or three years," says the report. As we like to portray ourselves as an oasis of calm in a region of turmoil, the last thing we want is to draw attention to clouds on the horizon — and the succession has always prompted the most intense family infighting.

Nor did we like the report's disagreeable references to the vast commissions our princes take on every conceivable contract (30-40 per cent is the norm for arms deals). This, after all, is a tradition in underdeveloped countries. Far worse, however, was the report's unsavoury obsession with healthcare issues. "In any large family there are mentally less stable members, and the Al Saud is no exception (and perhaps more so because of intermarriage)," it says.

It notes that "the issue of mental suitability for the throne" is one that "the House of Saud would not want debated even in a domestic Saudi context — because some princes would fail". Indeed. This is emphatically *not* the sort of thing our rulers like to hear.

Which prince is it who "apart from having a bad and quick temper also had the reputation of being a drunkard"? And which one, by the time of his death "had been of unstable mind for several years"? Cut my tongue out and flog me in the market square if I reveal the names.

We all know old Sheep's Eyes has a weight problem, but did WINEP really have to recount how our monarch's personal Boeing 747 includes a device that carries him on a chair from the tarmac through the baggage compartment directly to the dome of the aircraft so he doesn't have to climb any stairs? And what purpose was served by noting that one of King Fahd's palaces includes the world's smallest escalator — just one step — so our esteemed ruler avoids straining himself as he moves from one floor level to the next in adjoining rooms.

The popularity of our royals is immense: so immense that the security surrounding them means whole towns have to be closed off when they go walkabout. They are so popular in the south they don't even dare visit the region.

Of course we have financial worries, too: will there be enough money in the kitty to pay the National Guard to protect whoever turns out to be the king's successor?

Government offices have been told to cut current spending by 25 percent — and not to spend any money if possible next year. Ministries have stopped paying contractors at some hospitals, airports and institutes, and equipment is not being replaced or repaired.

Meanwhile, our leaders hope religious tourism will become a huge money-spinner — presuming our police can resist the temptation to disrupt the Hajj, the annual Muslim pilgrimage to the Holy City of Islam, by shooting over-zealous types from Iran.

As many as six million Muslim tourists a year have been predicted, and it is to be hoped that as the holy bend-downers arrive for the Hajj our enforced economies do not spoil their visit.

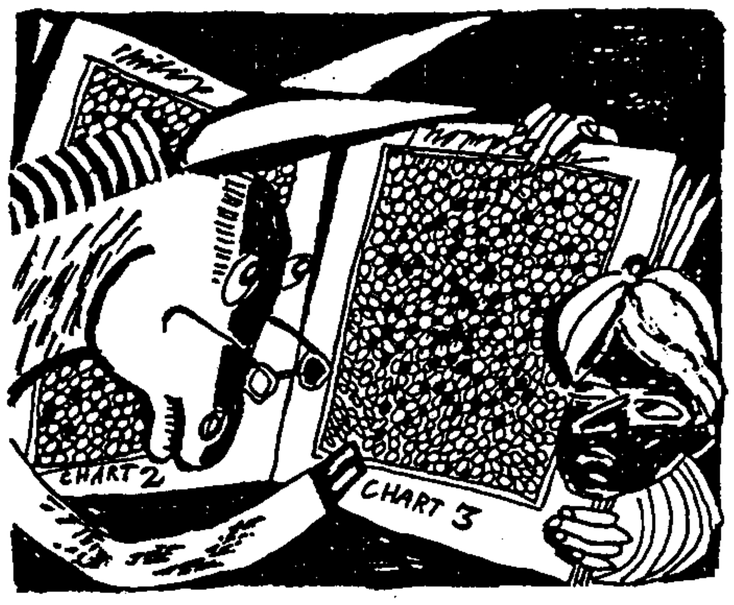
Will their planes land intact? Will the fire rescue vehicles have air in their tyres? Will the bus make it to Mecca without breaking down? We do hope so: we want the millions spent on the mosque at Madinah to earn us a few riyals once we start selling Hajj hot dogs and t-shirts.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "I blame the metric system," Mike Smith told reporters gathered at his grandfather's graveside at the Konin Cemetery, near Paphos. "It was a simple misunderstanding, and we don't blame the gravedigger at all."

Mr Smith had flown to Cyprus to attend the funeral of his grandfather Ronald Baines, 72, former manager of the British motocross team: "I made all the arrangements, and told the graveyard his height in feet and inches. But they misunderstood and, when they tried to lower the coffin into the grave, it got stuck at both ends. Everyone looked at the gravedigger, and I guess he panicked, because he tried to insert the coffin vertically. Somebody started laughing, which seemed to make him angry, because next he climbed on top of it and began jumping up and down, shouting 'iss snug fit, iss good job'. It didn't budge, though. The wood splintered, the lid broke, Ronald's body fell out, and the digger screamed out 'spiders, spiders!' and leaped sideways, knocking over a ceremonial urn containing the remains of Ronald's daughter, and scattering her ashes to the four winds. Then the digger jumped into the grave with a pick, and hacked away at the sides until the coffin disintegrated and fell down on top of Ronald.

"It wasn't quite the smooth, solemn service promised in the brochure, but I've no complaints. I'm glad Grandpa couldn't see what happened. I know you're supposed to say he would have found it unbelievably funny, but I think he would have smashed the gravedigger in the teeth. That's the sort of man he was." *(The Cyprus Mail, 11/3/94. Spotter — John Matossian)*



● "Donkey sanctuaries? Piss and wind to donkey sanctuaries!" screamed Mr Venkatachalapathy, chairman of the Thanjavur municipal council. "I tell you, a whack up the bottom is the only language these animals understand."

Chairman Venkatachalapathy was addressing a council meeting, hastily convened after several townspeople complained of assaults by stray donkeys: "One of these cursed animals ran amok only this afternoon, attacking anyone wearing black. It wandered into the magistrates' court campus, bit a municipal clerk in a black jacket, and then severely attacked a young man in black pants. A magistrate, passing by in his black gown, was chased across campus and only avoided injury by climbing a drainpipe and hanging there for over an hour, an indignity scarcely befitting his rank. Luckily, a quick-thinking group of men saw his plight, chased the donkey with clubs, and wisely whacked it up the bottom until it ran away. That is the fate that all stray donkeys should meet, and I implore the council to pass my resolution to that effect."

Asked whether it wasn't more usual for red clothes to anger animals, Chairman Venkatachalapathy replied: "We have an answer to that. We think this donkey was colour-blind." His motion was narrowly defeated. *(The Times of India News Service, 2/2/94. Spotter — Anon)*

—●—

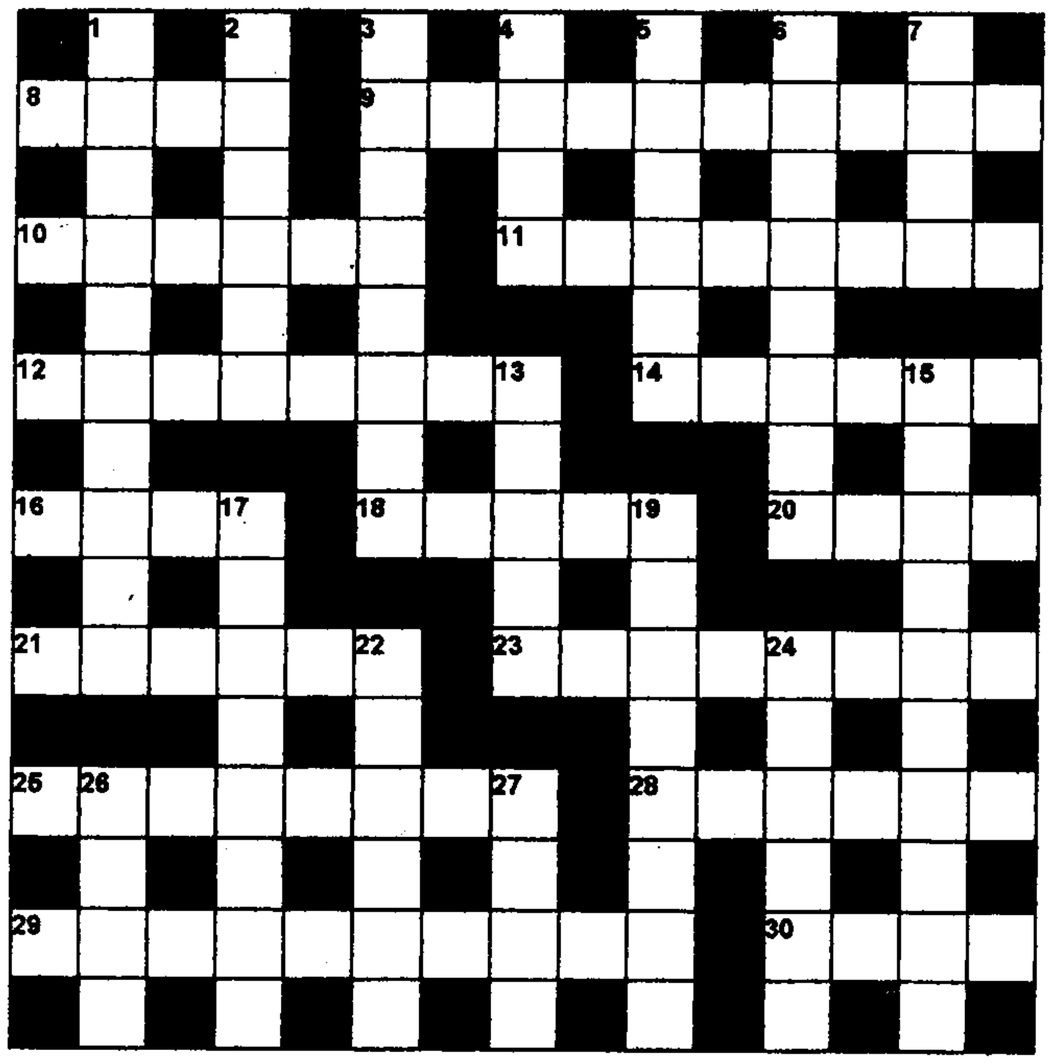
● *"I do not think it's disrespectful in the least," Kestutis Murauskas told a press conference in Vilnius. "In fact, the old Soviet leaders should be honoured to still be of service to the Lithuanian people."*

Murauskas, business manager of the Grigikes Paper Factory, was exhibiting his firm's latest product to reporters: "Our new lavatory paper is made entirely from old Soviet bank notes, which went out of circulation after our country became independent. The material is very absorbent, which gives it excellent wiping properties, and, what with the rate of inflation we had back then, they're probably more valuable now than when they were legal tender. And the banks are delighted, because their vaults are finally being emptied of hundreds of tons of worthless currency.

"The notes had pictures of Gorbachev on them and, in spite of the recycling process, you can still make out his face quite clearly on most of them, even his birthmark. Somehow, the whole situation seems to sum up perfectly the feelings of Lithuanians towards the former Soviet Union." (Washington Times, 12/4/94. Spotter — Anon)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 3 by Cyclops



ACROSS

8 Strip heartless player who bawled (4)
9 Visually challenging, but not a new classified ads section for our randy readers (10)
10/24 Our niche for crap initiated (and swallowed) by screwed up poseur-nerds (6,6)
11 Prattish puffed up character spotted on telly (2,6)
12 We hear journalists bed leftie traditionalist (8)
14 He purged smear surrounding Lamont initially (6)
16 Junk food turnaround's a rip-off (4)
18/27 Band with fab number — a chance of escape for prisoners? (5,4)
20 Some heroin kept from the mouth of pigs (4)
21 As agitators do in jail, not in bed (4,2)
23 Actor buggered on Parisian back street — that's official (8)
25 Prepare to shag — but not Mellor style? (5,3)
28 In vain, Rushdie contains flood (6)
29 Where parliament meets bitter force constraining unruly brats (10)
30 PM no longer with us — paradise! (4)

DOWN

1 A chat with Mrs T, and I cocked up the treaty (10)
2 Prices advocated but rarely maintained by politicians (6)
3 Broadcasting watchdog: one who looks up a lot of pussy (4-4)
4 Thatcher originated Lamont's downfall — period (4)
5 Religious leaders put up ban on transsexuals (6)
6 Old dear substituted duck for Auntie's turkey (8)
7 Dick stands on head to screw (4)
13 Floating voter's hidden loot (5)
15 Union tub-thumper in a perverse sort of pattern (3,7)
17 Strip vice-president — not for easy gain (8)
19 Oats time (8)
22 She gives public health leaders Ecstasy-swallowing award (6)
24 (see 10)
26 Church leader hanging around dancers (4)
27 (see 18)

£100 prize for first correct solution opened on 8/6/94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

£100 winner MRS JOYCE I. KIRK

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 2

ACROSS: 8/28 John Bull 9 (see 21) 10 IKEA 11 Safe seat 12 Relate 13 Scream 14 Good news 16 Higgins 18 Missile 21/9 Street of Shame 23 Patten 25 (see 7 down) 27 Recovery 28 (see 8) 29 Ounce 30 Revs.

DOWN: 1 Monarchist 2 Sneeze 3 Essex Man 4 Wastage 5 Weirdo 6 (see 7) 7/6/25ac West Midlands Police 15 Waldegrave 17 Guerilla 19 In pocket 20 Affront 22 Toe job 24 Tavern 26 Onus.

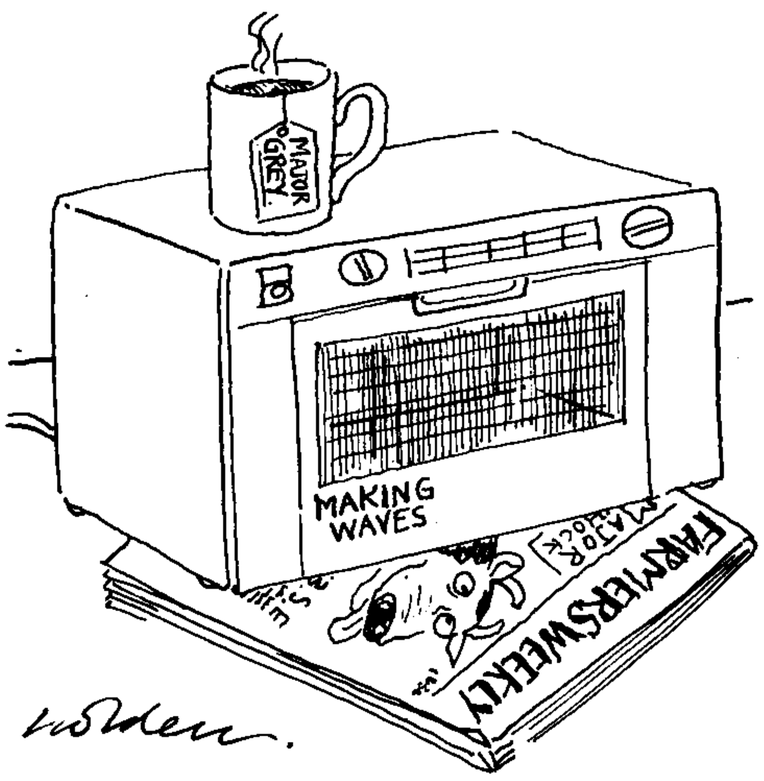
The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Today I made a historic speech to launch our campaign to win the Euro-elections. My speech which was entirely my idea, after Miss Hogg had written it out, was very cleverly called "A Resounding No to Europe — But Yes As Well". Though I say it myself, this is one of the most masterly pieces of political brilliance since Mr Heseltine's plan to make us more popular by selling off the Post Office. By saying "No to Europe" I will win all the votes of the people who are against Europe, and then by saying "Yes" we will win all the vote of the people who are in favour of it. When I told the cabinet that this was our line, they were so impressed that they all jumped out of the window.

Tuesday

My brother Terry hurried over specially from Croydon to tell me that he has discovered a really interesting new fact about our family for his book *"The Authorised History of The Major-Ball Dynasty* by Terry Major-Ball, brother of John Major (the Prime Minister)". He was in the Croydon library doing research into our family



tree when he found out that our father Harry Ball-Major was not just an acrobat and maker of garden gnomes, but a very successful farmer in Worcestershire as well. My press officer, Mr Meyer, who came in to check that there was nothing in my brother's book that would look bad in the newspapers, got very excited when he heard this. "This is just what we need to get the shire vote in the Euro-elections. Obviously you've lost the cities, but this might help you hang on to a couple of seats in the country. I can see the headlines now 'Major of Yeoman Stock'...". "Surely Yes-man is more like it?" said my wife Norman, who was brewing up a mug of instant tea for my brother in the micro-wave. She clearly had failed to see the point. "Oh no," I said. "Yeo is right for you" Terry suggested, "It is half way between yes and no". "You never did have any brains, Terry," I said. "It is just as well you didn't go into politics or you would have been a disaster."

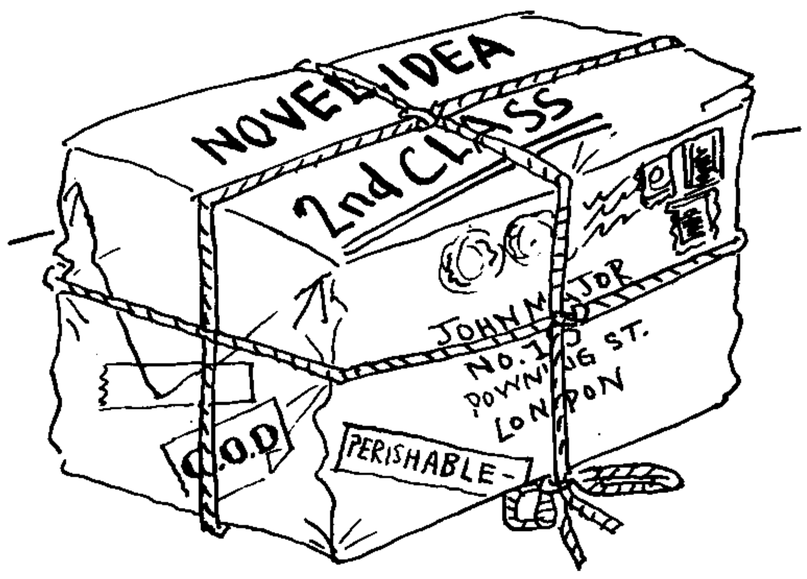
Wednesday

I am getting in no small measure annoyed by all the articles in the newspapers about Mr Blair. Every day there is another one saying how young and dynamic and go-ahead he is, with lots of new ideas for Britain. "Anyone would think he was about to become prime minister," I told Norman. "Quite," she said. "That's going to be Mr Portfolio, isn't it?" At least I had one piece of good news today. My ex-friend Mr Lamont has made a very supportive speech saying that the Conservatives have a very good chance of winning the next election. It is a pity he rather spoiled it at the end by saying that this will only happen if we have a new leader. Mr Lamont said in his speech that to beat Mr Blair, the Tories need someone who is mature, silvery-haired, experienced and called Norman. He obviously meant me, since I have all these qualifications, except that he made that silly slip about the name, which shows that he had probably been visiting his friend Mr Onanugu!

Thursday

Mr Hurd has written a very nice note on Foreign Office notepaper, with a delightful new logo reading "F. Off". He tells me that he has decided to lie low during the Euro-election campaign, because he would not wish to take credit for our great victory. "I want there to be no doubt," he wrote, "about who is responsible."

Also in the post came a parcel from my good friend Lord Archer, containing the outline of his latest novel. This is set "some time in the future" when there is a Euro-Election. He describes brilliantly how the Conservatives, under their leader James Colonel, are betrayed by an incompetent party chairman called Sir Herman Disgustinger. But just as the polls are showing that the Tories are going to win no seats at all, Sir Herman falls victim to a terrifying killer-virus called Normanensis fascistitis (Group 4). At this point the hero Godfrey Bowman steps in to take over the chairmanship and the conservatives win by a huge landslide. Everyone is so impressed that Bowman is invited to become prime minister.



I enjoyed it very much, although the last chapter was rather unconvincing in my judgement.

Friday

Today I travelled to Bristol which is in England to make an important speech for the Euro Elections. As usual, for security reasons, I could not tell anyone I was going, which explained why there was no one at the meeting when I arrived. On the way to the hall we *did* meet somebody who recognised me and shouted: "It's time for you beggars to go!" The policemen with me took him away for some reason, but it gave me a very good idea for my speech, i.e. the most important issue in Britain today is getting beggars off the streets. It is always important for a Prime Minister to listen to the public.

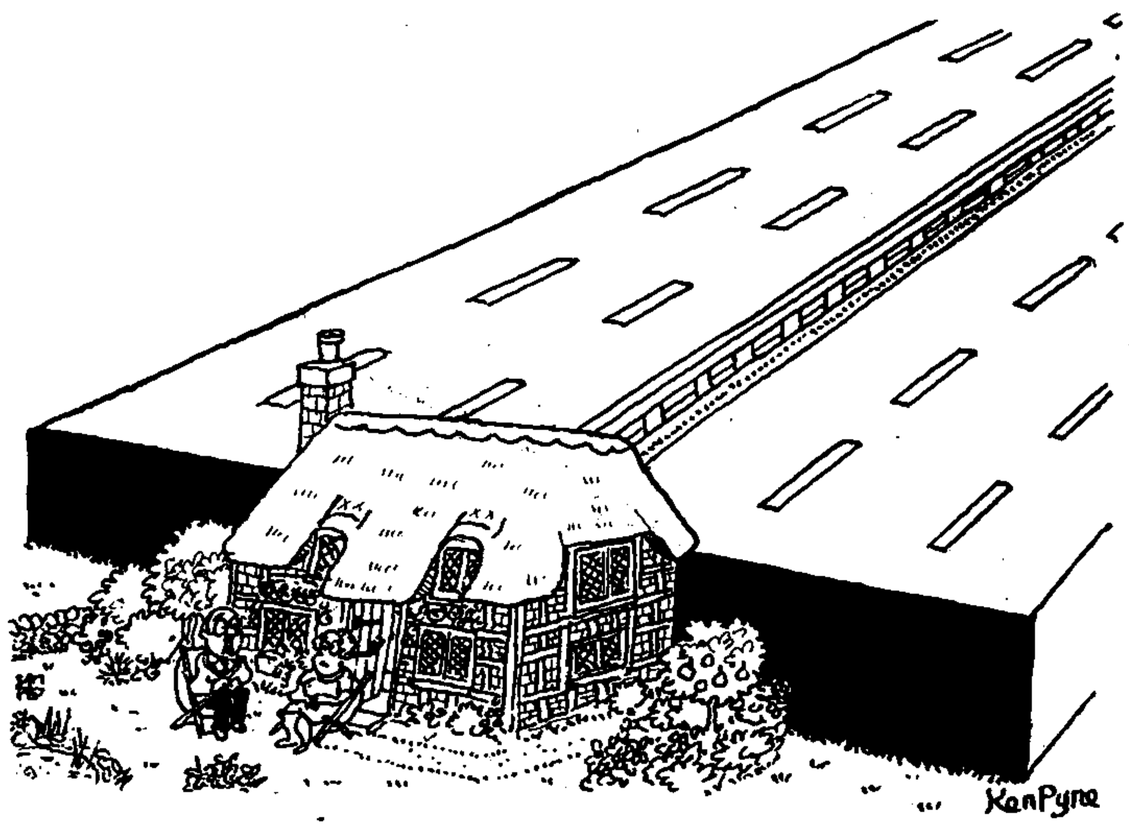
So I promised the good people of Bristol that all the beggars would be taken off the streets. "What will we do with them?" said the one local Conservative man in the audience when it came to asking questions. "There will be a Beggars' Charter," I said, quick as a flash, "and anyone who is bothered by beggars will be able to ring Mr Waldegrave on a special Beggars' Hotline."

Saturday

My beggars speech has been a great success. Everyone is talking about it, even the Bishops! This is very encouraging as one of them, David Shepherd, used to play cricket for England and when I was 15 I swapped his autograph with Terry for that of P.B.H. May, or maybe it was K. Barrington, anyway it was all a long time ago. Oh yes.

Sunday

Everyone is still talking about my beggars speech. The Labour Party have been completely caught on the hop by this. They have come forward with all sorts of new ideas, but not one of them has come up with the Beggars' Charter! No wonder I am Prime Minister and not Mr Blair.



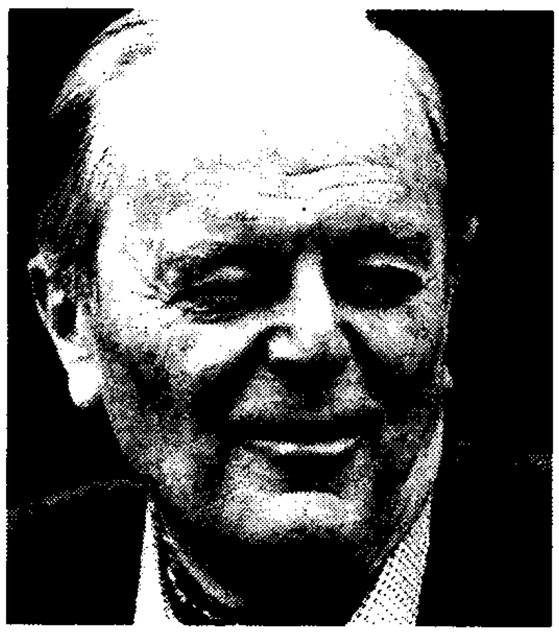
"To be honest, Dorothy, when we first launched our 'Stop the Motorway' campaign I didn't think we had a cat in hell's chance"

TV HIGHLIGHTS

CIVILISATION

Part 94 of the Classic Series

Presented by the late Lord Clark



(Dapper connoisseur is seen standing in front of a picture of himself by Graham Sutherland)

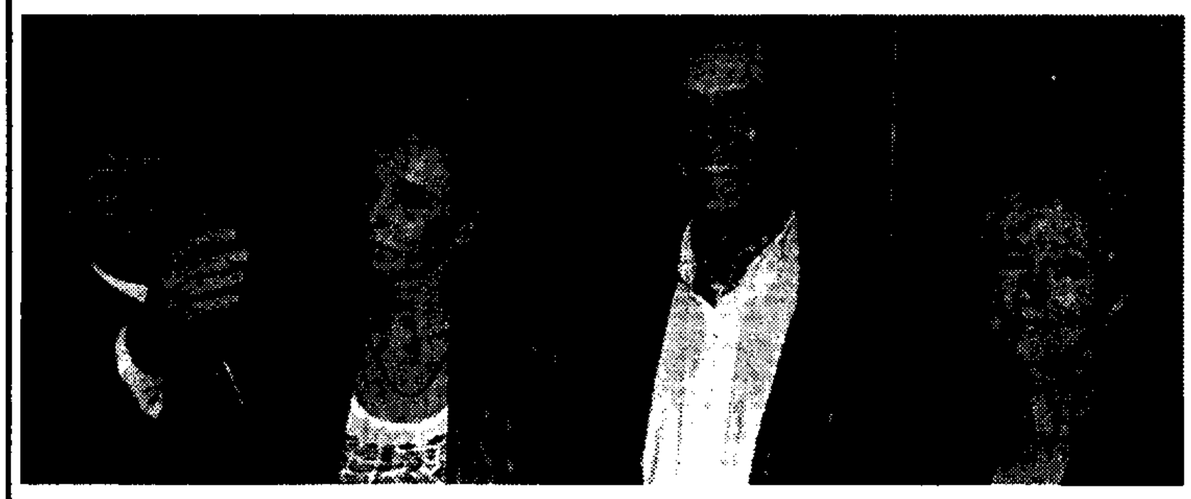
Lord Clark *(for it is he):* What could be more agreeable than myself, surely a high point of civilisation, with my priceless art collection, my good works and my desire to inform and educate the masses by the new medium of television.

(Picks up copy of News of the World containing photograph of Alan Clark and headline MINISTER IN JUDGE'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS LOVE ROMP*)*

Lord Clark: And in contrast, what could be more disagreeable than my son, surely a low point in civilisation, proof positive that the new dark ages are upon us. Alan, with his sordid affairs and his seedy arms dealing, his disregard for the truth and his sexual braggadocio... *(waves hand disparagingly)* All this reminds us how thin a veneer separates *us* from the savages. Thank goodness I am dead. Good night.

(Vivaldi music and credits)

GOLD DIGGERS FLY IN



by Our South Africa Staff
Lunchtime O'Boers

A GROUP of happy-go-lucky prospectors flew into Britain from South Africa today hoping to "strike gold".

Their leader, a former High Court judge, Justice Cuckoldcarrot, had brought his whole family with him in order to mine the rich seam of the legendary Murdoch field.

Rich Seamy

"We are heading for Wapping," said the Judge, "as we have heard tales of vast wealth being acquired overnight by ordinary prospectors like ourselves."

Randy Kruger

The Judge has hired an experienced guide, Mr Max Clifford, who has helped many gold diggers to mine huge personal fortunes from the News of the World "lode".

"You have to sink pretty low," said Mr Clifford, "but when you reach rock bottom it's all worth it. There's great handfuls of money — you can just pick it up."

As his eyes shone with greed, the old 69er (as they are known) started to salivate.

"Only a few weeks ago this Spanish woman, Bienvenida was her name, she made a stack thanks to me. Now she's a Lady and appears in Hello!"

The Judge headed off with high hopes, accompanied by his family.

Silly Gold Fool

"I'm pretty sure we won't go home empty-handed. We don't mind if the work is dirty, so long as we get a vast sum from the press."

IN THE

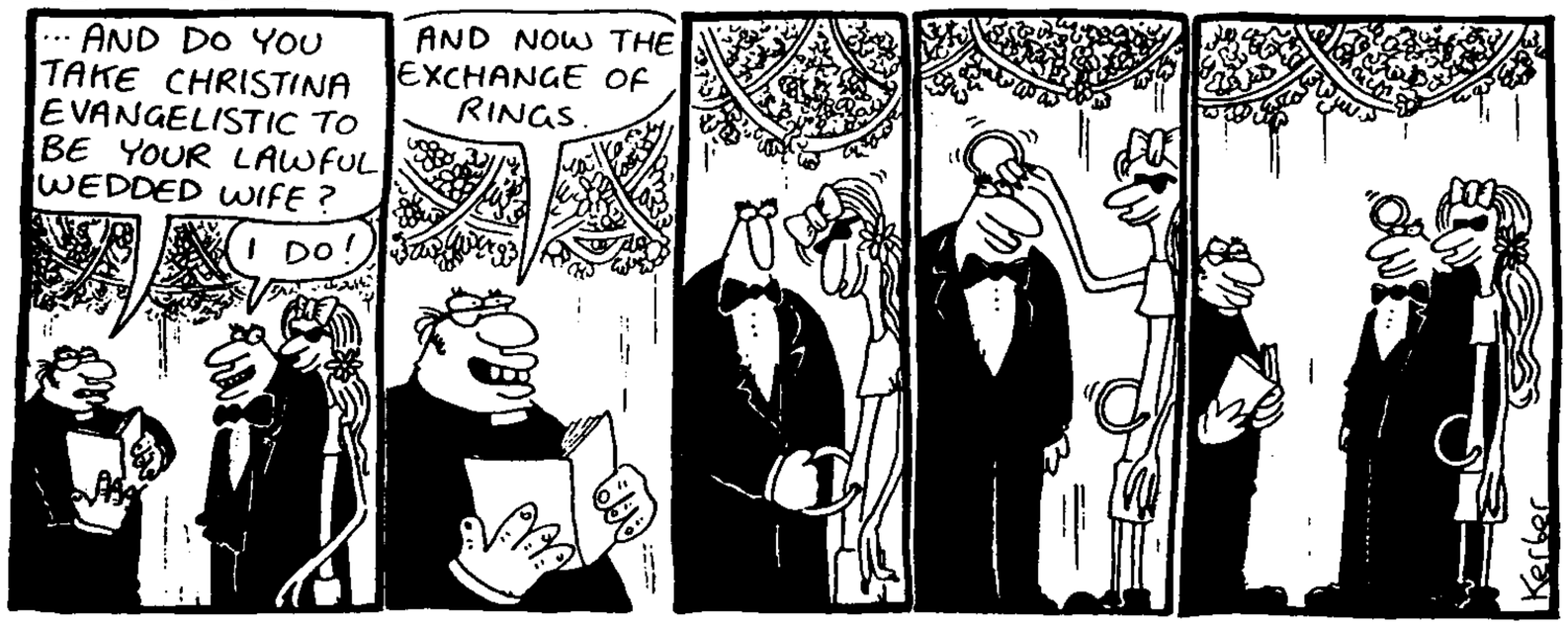
Daily Mail

THIS WEEK

- **Britain Booms — "Growth Highest in Europe"! 1**
- **Labour in Disarray over Beggars! 2**
- **Why Isn't Tony Blair Married? 3**
- **Tories Unite Over Europe 4**
- **Major Promises Summer Heatwave 5**
- **Vote Conservative 6-38**

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber



Poetry Corner

In Memoriam John Wain.

So. Farewell then
John Wain.

You were not the famous
One.

E.J. Thribb (17¾)

Reprinted from The Sunday Times

Marijuana Cockup

The World's New Worst Columnist

HAVE you seen me on the television in the middle of the night? No? I'm on a programme about this new device which you can take home and fit into your TV set. It means you can see films in your own home. "Video", so called, is here to stay, I predict. *(Not sure about you. Ed.)*

● *Have you seen Lyn Barber's column? It's got nearly as many ideas in it as my own! Why, even A.A. Gill will be writing about it in one of his columns next week!! Isn't the Sunday Times grand?*

WHO IS A.A. Gill I should like to know? He is a fine and dandy fellow, make no mistake! He may write 20,000 words a week but would he come and rescue me if my car broke down?

(Bring back McLie, all is forgiven. Ed.)

Great Bores Of Today.

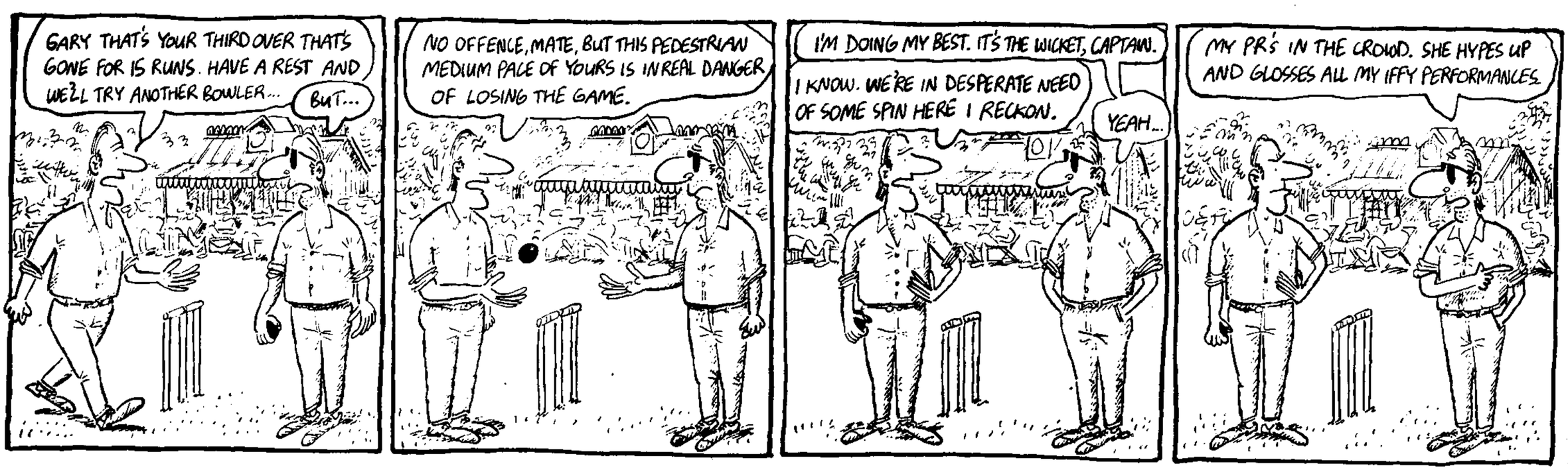
"... you've got to move it very slowly no you're doing it wrong you've got to hold it right up to your nose so that it's all a blur no do it as if you've got a squint you're going too fast that's better right can you see anything now? it takes a bit of time before you get the knack but when you do it's incredible what you'll see eventually is a large frog can you see it yet? it should be like a cut-out a 3-D sort of effect it's amazing can you still not see it? look try again and this time make it go blurry first and then very slowly hold it up to your eye no? don't worry it took me nearly a week to get it but it's well worth it I saw a terrific one with a train and one with a big fish coming out of the sea that's the best one no you're still going much too quickly look I'll show you give it here..."

TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE. Ilford, 3 bedroom semi-detached house through lounge, conservatory, F.G.C.H., detached garage plus parking space. 90' garden. Bathroom, separate toilet. No chain. £88,500.

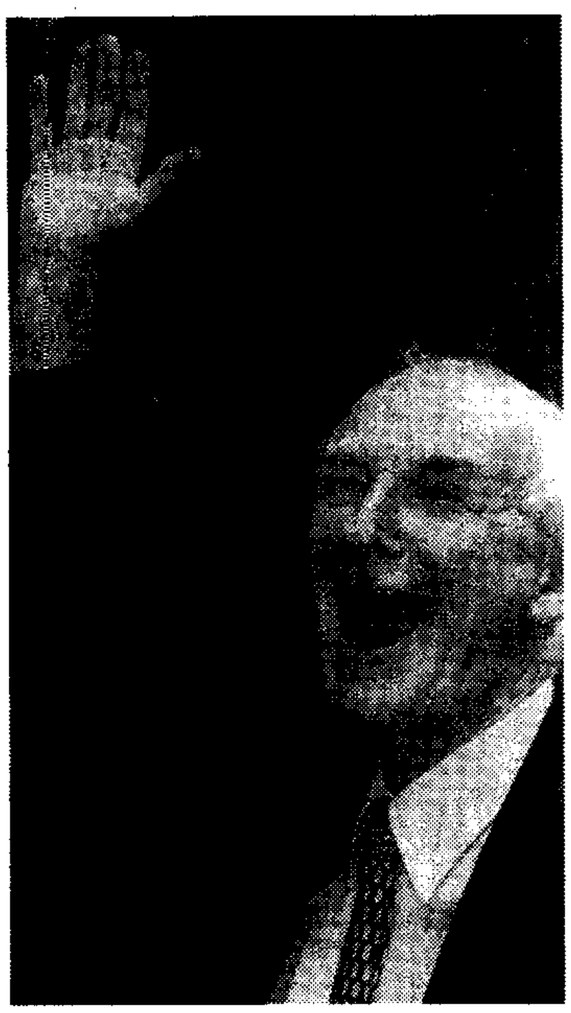
Times Educational Supplement

Celeb

LIGGER


GARY THAT'S YOUR THIRD OVER THAT'S GONE FOR 15 RUNS. HAVE A REST AND WE'LL TRY ANOTHER BOWLER...
BUT...
NO OFFENCE, MATE, BUT THIS PEDESTRIAN MEDIUM PACE OF YOURS IS IN REAL DANGER OF LOSING THE GAME.
I'M DOING MY BEST. IT'S THE WICKET, CAPTAIN.
I KNOW. WE'RE IN DESPERATE NEED OF SOME SPIN HERE I RECKON.
YEAH...
MY PR'S IN THE CROWD. SHE HYPES UP AND GLOSSES ALL MY IFFY PERFORMANCES.

CAMELOT MAN WINS LOTTERY JACKPOT



by Our Media Staff
Alexandra Freabee

AN elderly man today became the first winner of the £4 billion Jackpot Prize after his name had been pulled out of a hat by Heritage Secretary Sir Peter Brook.

Sir Ron Dearing, 89, a former Post Office employee, said: "I am over the moon. I cannot believe my luck. All I did was to enter the lottery and now I am rich beyond my wildest dreams."

Camelots of money

Asked what he would do with the money, Sir Ron said: "I would like to give some to my shareholders who have supported me over the years, but mostly I would like to keep it all."

Sir Ron had ticked the box marked "Maximum Publicity" and was delighted for the whole world to know just how much money he would be getting out of the lottery.

Schh... You know who gets the dosh

Not everyone shared his joy. One disappointed punter, a Mr Richard Branson, tore up his slip in disgust.

"It is completely unfair. If I had won I would have given the money away. Well most of it, obviously, after... you know... expenses and er... er... er..."

Smaller winners included the Government, who make £600 million in extra tax, and who no longer have to bother to support the arts or any charities.

Sir Ron Dearing is £89 million better off.

Russian Thumbs-Down as Gloomy Prophet flies in

by Our Woman in Russia **Lady Volga Maitland**

THERE was no red carpet in evidence today when the prophet known to millions simply as Charlesinitsyn flew in to St Petersburg (formerly Neasdengrad).

"I have waited for this moment for years," he told waiting admirers (Sid and Boris Bonkovich) as his plane touched down on the earth of Mother Russia.

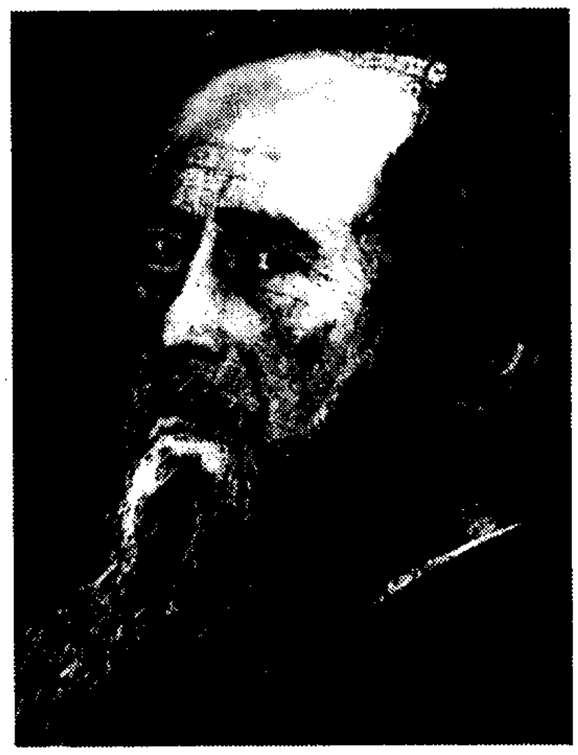
Queen Mother Russia

Charlesinitsyn could hardly have been surprised by his cool reception.

His gloomy jeremiads about the state of the modern world and his reactionary romanticism have long alienated him from the new, get-up-and-go, rock-crazed, trainer-wearing, McDonald's-guzzling, porn-obsessed, crack-sniffing enterprise culture that is Russia today.

Who's Solly Now?

When I searched the shelves of Moscow's main bookstores for copies of the famous works which once had the cultural elite of the West praising him to the skies, not one copy of Charlesinitsyn's books could I find.

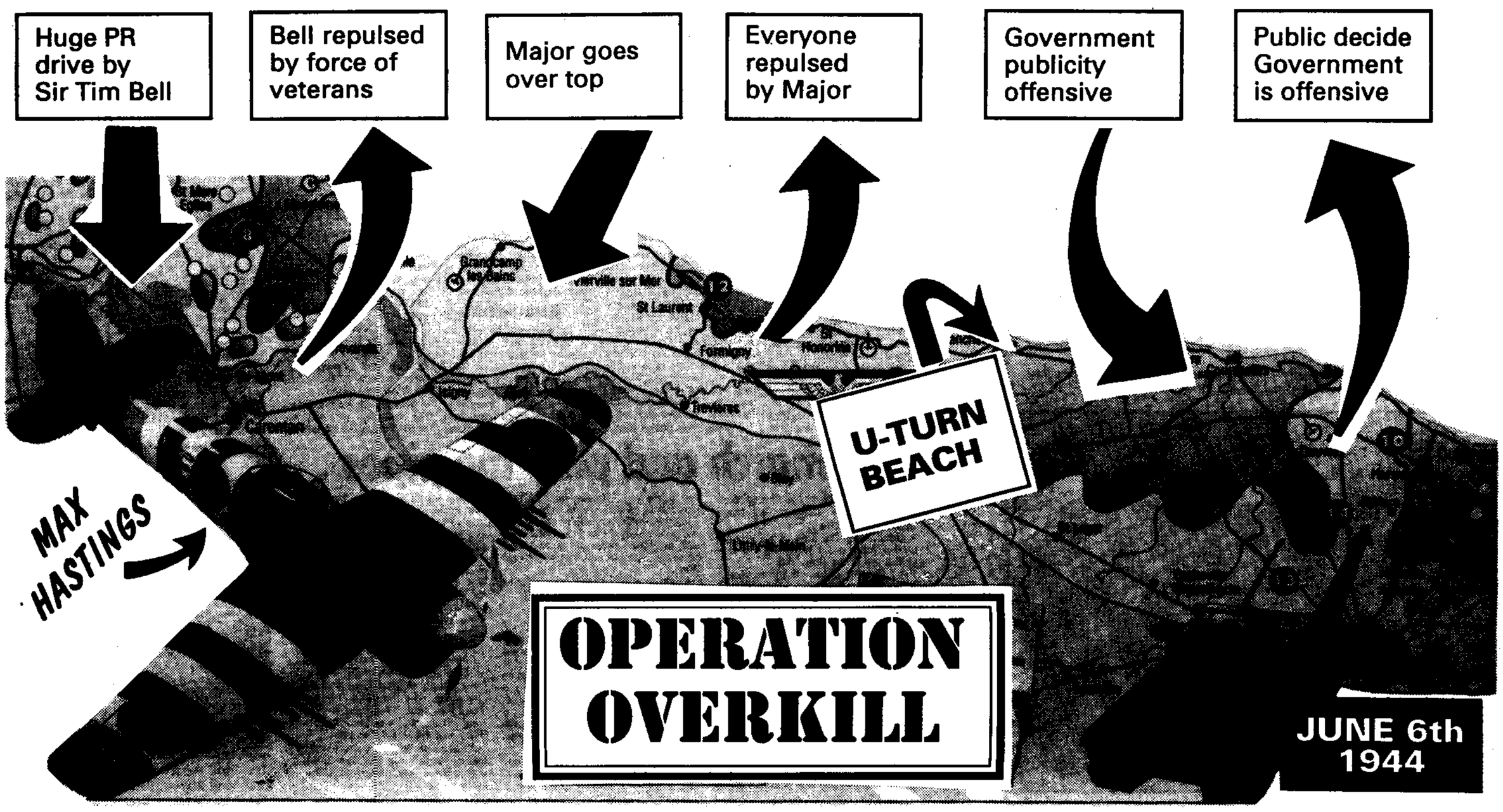


When I asked one mini-skirted, pony-tailed young man for such famous titles as *One Day In The Life Of Dianasabitch* or *This Gulag Architecture Really Is Appalling*, he said "No problem" and offered me a copy of Jeffrey Archer's *Honour Among Thieves* for a knockdown price of 2 million roubles and some batteries for his Walkman.

Carbuncle Vanya

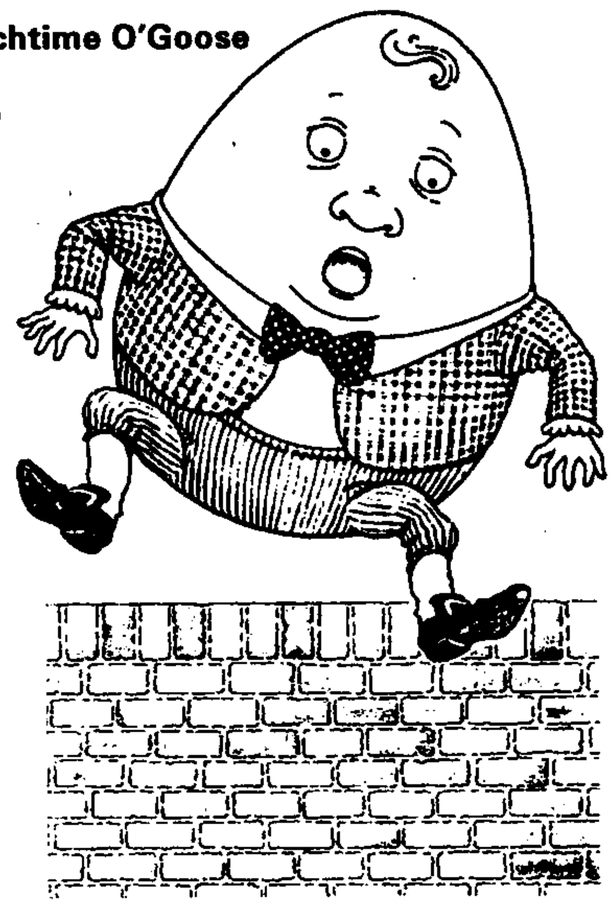
It was a sad end to what had been billed as Charlesinitsyn's comeback as a serious figure on the world stage.

HISTORIC D-DAY SOUVENIR



Wall victim awarded £95,000

by Our Fairytale Staff **Mother Lunchtime O'Goose**



Lyme Regis, Tuesday

AMR H. Dumpty was yesterday awarded record damages following an accident in which he fell off a 6-foot wall, suffering multiple fractures to his shell.

Mr Dumpty claimed that the local council had been grossly negligent in failing to erect a safety notice reading DANGEROUS WALL – DO NOT FALL OFF.

Mr Dumpty told the court that, on the day in question, he had climbed up on the wall, as was his wont, and after a few minutes found himself slipping to the ground.

Egg Broken In Two Places

He described how, despite the summoning of the emergency services, neither the King's horses nor the King's men had been able to put him together again.

Mr Justice Auldbore said that this was "the clearest case of negligence by the public authorities" that he had ever come across in all his 120 years as a judge.

"Mr Dumpty", he said, "was a thoroughly good egg but is now a broken man. It is only right that the taxpayers should shell out for Mr Dumpty's unfortunate stupidity in falling off the wall."

On Other Pages

Cinderella's Coach "was not fitted with seatbelts", Inquest told . . . 3
"Old Woman in Shoe" father must pay £1,000 a week, say CSA . . . 4
Sexual harassment case — Georgy Porgy must serve 30 years 5
Hygiene men seize pie "cooked with 24 blackbirds" 6

HEZZA'S NEW 107-POINT PLAN FOR NEW BRITAIN

by Our Industrial Staff **Lunchtime O'Snooze**

IN a dazzling bid to become leader of the Labour Party, President Michael Tarzantine today unveiled an exciting "package" to move British industry back "into the fast lane" of world competitiveness.

In a rabble-rousing speech which set Tory MPs asleep, Mr Heseltine said: "We're going to kickstart the economy into the 21st century.

"This plan," he pledged, "will get Britain onto the global super-highway of export-led growth excellence, putting Britain back at the top of the world league of developed industrial powers, right up there with Malaysia and South Korea."

Hezza's proposals for building "a dynamic new Britain" include:

- **New regional enterprise advisory training boards to be funded by a partnership between private and private sectors.**
- **An end to red tape, to be effected by a new Deregulation Inspectorate, staffed by 7,000 new inspectors.**
- **16-19 year-olds to be allowed to buy "vouchers", enabling them to pay for training under the new Technical and Vocational Councils.**
- **Michael Heseltine to replace John Major as prime minister, and win next election on "wave of popularity" generated by above proposals.**

BLAIR'S NEW 107-POINT VISION OF NEW BRITAIN

by Our Political Staff **Alan Watnoonesreadingtheindieanymore**

IN a dazzling bid to become leader of the Conservative Party, the telegenic, youthful, charismatic Tony Bliar, 23, unveiled his thrilling vision of a new Britain.

In a sensational yet deeply statesmanlike speech which had his supporters roaring with yawns, Mr Bliar called for "a fair society, a just society and a fair and just society".

He called for "an end to the sort of society which is neither fair nor just, and which we have had rather too much of in recent years".

He wanted, he said:

- **An end to the mistaken ideologies of the right.**
- **An end to the mistaken ideologies of the left.**
- **New regional enterprise advisory boards to be funded by a partnership between the government and the taxpayers.**
- **Tony Bliar to be elected leader of the Labour Party, and win next election on wave of enthusiasm generated by above vision.**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The killer bug

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR—In recent days the whole nation has cowered under the onslaught of the so-called "killer bug" which has been spreading a swathe of destruction across Southern England. Some of us are reminded of the days of the infamous "doodle-bug" which similarly struck down millions in the closing days of the war, of blessed memory.

Your readers may, however, take heart from the way in which one small community here in the West Country has taken emergency measures to ensure that every man, woman and child in these islands is not wiped out by this catastrophe.

Following a special meeting in the Lamb & Flag, the "Flesh-Eating Killer Bug Resistance Group" was formed to carry out the following emergency procedures:

1. A shortlist should be drawn up of "group leaders", comprising those persons whom the community could least afford to lose.

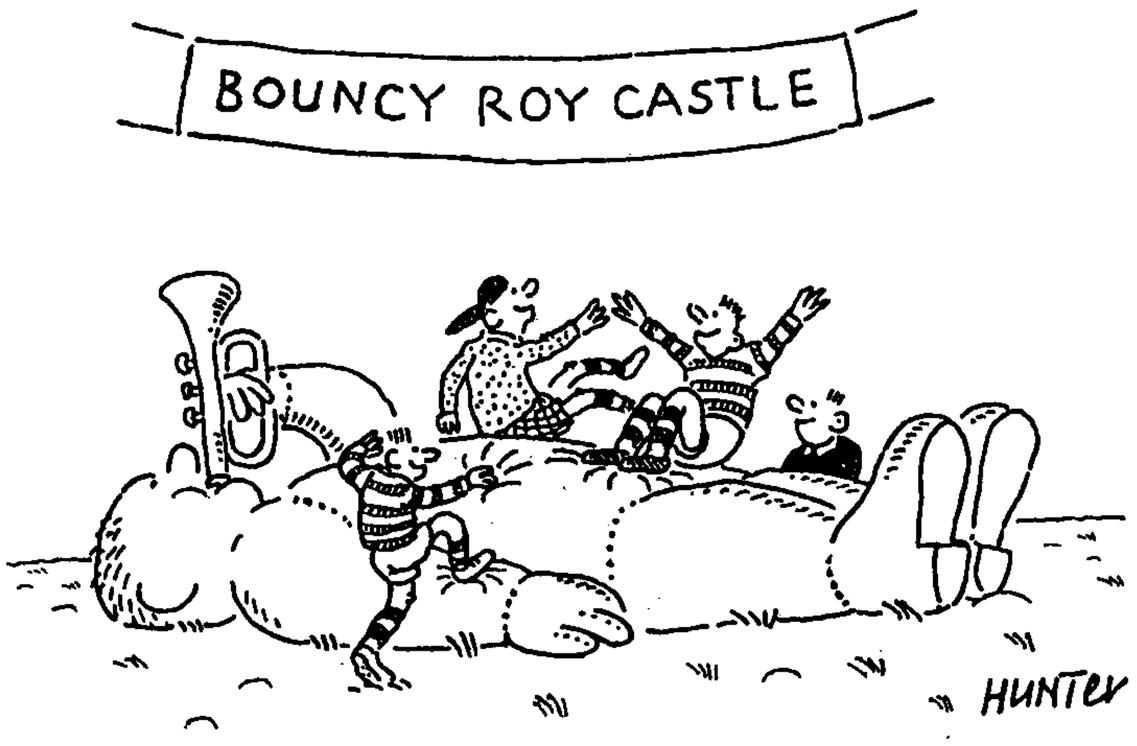
2. These persons should be isolated from the outside world in a specially equipped "survival capsule" to be situated near the centre of the community.

3. It was agreed, after a short discussion, that no building better suited our requirements than the one in which we were sitting, namely the Lamb & Flag.

4. On the expert medical advice of our new neighbour, Dr Marnham, who has recently retired after many years as an ear, nose and throat specialist in Wigmore Street, and who has already become a regular member of our nightly social circle, the best protection against this deadly virus is a regular dose of alcohol, to be taken orally whenever you feel the attack may be coming on.

We, sir, are all of us living proof of the efficacy of Dr Marnham's remedial measures, as we have so far survived entirely unscathed for no less than two days.

SIR H. GUSSETT
The Isolation Unit
Somewhere in Southern England
(address not supplied for security reasons)



DI IN RESCUE SHOCK

by Her Publicity Staff *(shurely 'Our Royal Correspondent'? Ed.)*

PRINCESS Diana was yesterday involved in an extraordinary emergency drama when she managed to save herself just in time from some very bad press.

Diana was drowning under a wave of unpleasant articles about her spending habits when she suddenly came to her own rescue last night in the middle of Regent's Park.

Princess and the PR

"We really thought she was a goner," said an onlooker. "She was going down and things looked hopeless.

"But thankfully she rang the emergency number at the *Daily Mail* and they gave her reputation the kiss of life."

The Princess has made an amazing recovery and appears fit and well on the front pages of all the newspapers.

Lady of the Lake

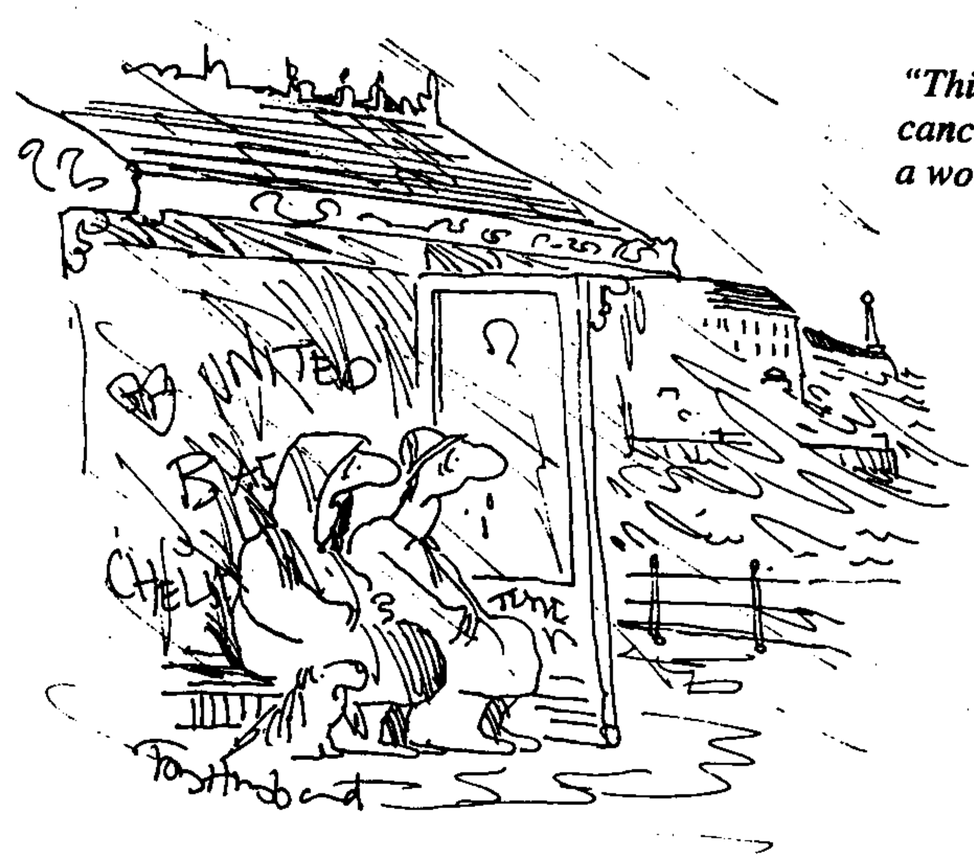
"Thanks to her prompt action,"

said Royal spin-doctors, "what could have been a lifestyle-threatening tragedy was turned into a miraculous recovery."

The Princess has been given a clean bill of clothes *(shurely 'health'? Ed)* and is sitting up and talking to *Hello!* magazine.

Said Di: "Look. I had to do something. This tramp was desperate and I had to act promptly. Please don't make me out to be a hero. A 'saint' would be much better."

Princess Diana is 34-28-34.



"This skin cancer thing's a worry"

BBC COUPLE SPARK STORM

by Our Media Staff **Canna Fordtostrike**

A HUGE row erupted yesterday over revelations that two senior BBC staff members had received hand-outs from the licence-payers to maintain their "relationship".

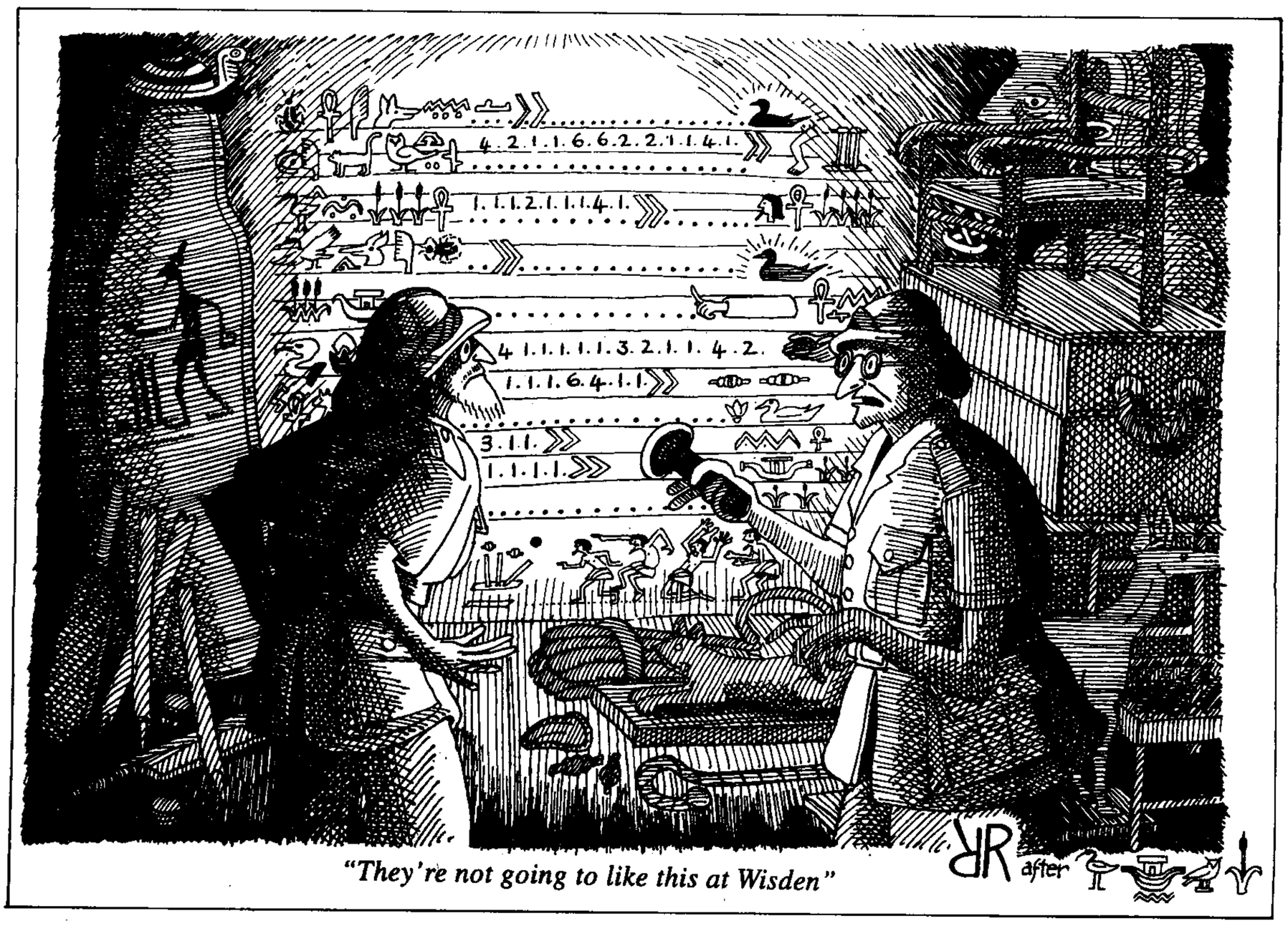
Johnny Birt and Pete Jay have been described as "very close friends" since they met in an LWT toilet 20 years ago.

The BBC has given the two men "very large sums" as a recognition of their devotion to each other.

"We have made a public commitment," said Johnnie yesterday, "to support each other through thick and thin, and it is only right that the BBC should pay us £300,000 a year."

Peter Gay

As evidence of their unshakable loyalty and mutually stable relationship, Pete last week refused to join in the strike against his friend's fatuous proposals for reforming the BBC.



"They're not going to like this at Wisden"

HAVE YOU GOT THE KILLER BUG?

10 Tell-Tale Signs That You Are Being Eaten Alive

1. You feel a bit under the weather.
2. Your leg has fallen off.
3. You are dead.
4. Er...
5. That's it.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
OFFICIAL REPORT

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

ZZZZZZ

HANSARD

Prime Minister's Question Time

Mrs Margaret Bucket (Lab): May I politely enquire of the Prime Minister how long a period of mutual courtesy and respect between the two parties he feels would be appropriate to mark the death of the late John Smith?

Mr John Major (Con): I thank my right honourable colleague for her excellent question and would humbly suggest that a week's mourning would seem a suitable period for such a tribute to the great Labour leader.

Sir Bufton-Tufton (Con): Is the Prime Minister aware that a week is now up?

John Major (Con): Right. Labour bastards, hopeless, sell-out, Jacques Delors, Federalism etc etc.

Mrs Bucket (Lab): Liar, liar, pants on fire etc etc.

(Continues for several hours)

Who Will Succeed Jackie O. as Uncrowned Queen of America?

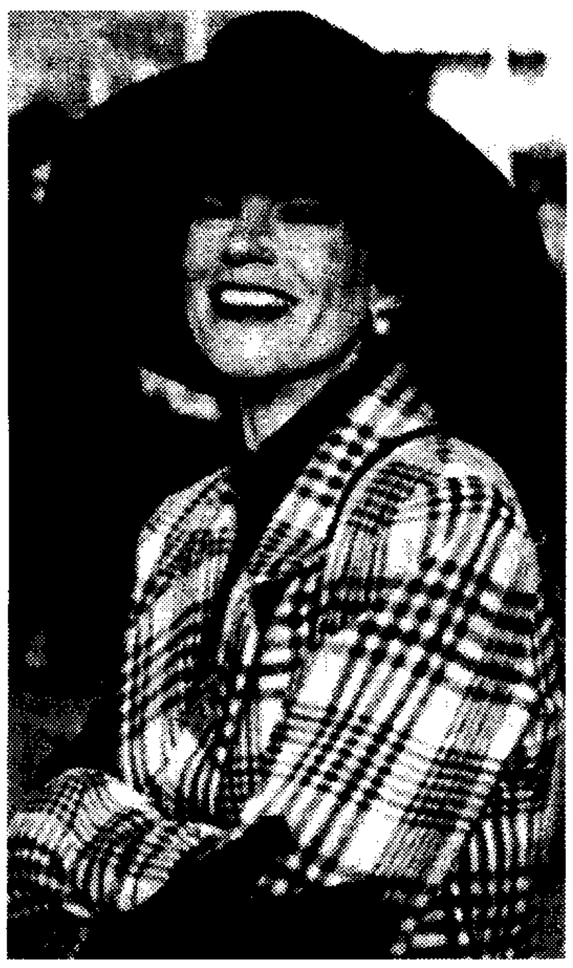
by The Sunday Times Style Section

Following the tragic death of Jackie O'Kennedy, widow of President Ludovic Kennedy, America has only one subject of discussion — who will now replace her as the US's No. 1 female glamour symbol?

Front-runners for the crown include:

Tina Barg, 45, feared and revered British-born editor of *The New Yawner*. Married to Dame Edith Evans of "a *haaandbag?*" fame.

Camilla Paglia-Bowles, 41, outspoken feminist literary critic and onetime mistress of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

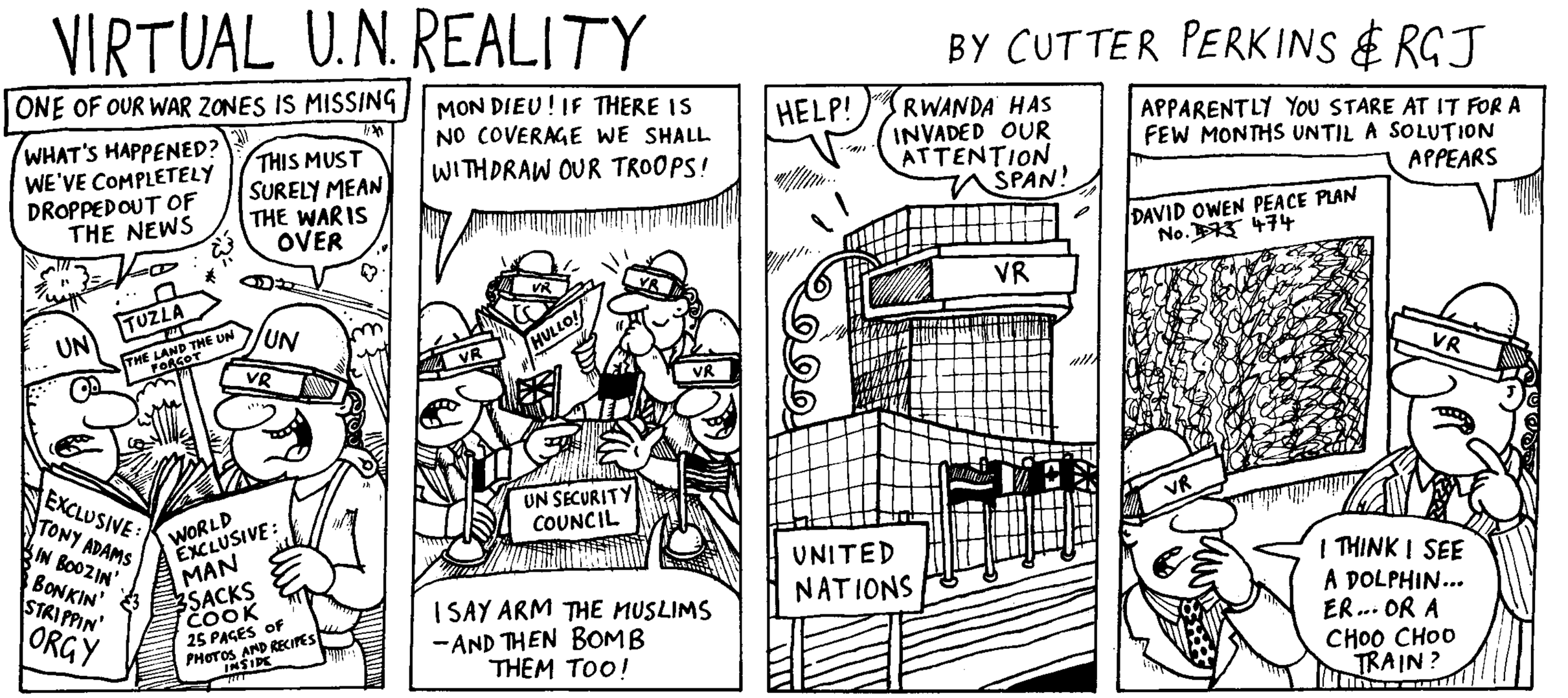


Arianna Huffington-Puffington, 46, née Levinopoulos, statuesque beauty married to oil-rich Senator Hiram B. Huffington-Puffington III. Known for her glittering "salon evenings" featuring such stars as Henry Kissinger and Picasso.

Pamela Harassment, 95, one-time courtesan, currently US Ambassador to Paris. Widow of the following: Winston Churchill, Senator Cleaver J. Spudulike, Gareth Bunker Hunt IV, Alistair Forbes, the late Bing Crosby, Sammy Davis Jr, Hunter Davies Sr, Sir Nico Henderson and a host of others.

Maria Terminator-Kennedy, 21, glamorous daughter of the late Senator Nigel Kennedy, little-known cousin of the more famous President Charles Kennedy, who married into the famous Hollywood "clan" headed by Conan Barbarian III. Apart from this, little is known about her.

(That's enough women you've never heard of. Ed.)


VIRTUAL U.N. REALITY
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
ONE OF OUR WAR ZONES IS MISSING
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WE'VE COMPLETELY DROPPED OUT OF THE NEWS
THIS MUST SURELY MEAN THE WAR IS OVER
TUZLA
THE LAND THE UN FORGOT
UN
UN
VR
EXCLUSIVE: TONY ADAMS IN BOOZIN' BONKIN' STRIPPIN' ORGY
WORLD EXCLUSIVE: MAN SACKS COOK
25 PAGES OF PHOTOS AND RECIPES INSIDE
MON DIEU! IF THERE IS NO COVERAGE WE SHALL WITHDRAW OUR TROOPS!
VR
VR
VR
HULLO!
UN SECURITY COUNCIL
I SAY ARM THE MUSLIMS -AND THEN BOMB THEM TOO!
HELP! RWANDA HAS INVADED OUR ATTENTION SPAN!
VR
UNITED NATIONS
APPARENTLY YOU STARE AT IT FOR A FEW MONTHS UNTIL A SOLUTION APPEARS
DAVID OWEN PEACE PLAN No. ~~573~~ 474
VR
I THINK I SEE A DOLPHIN... ER... OR A CHOO CHOO TRAIN?

DIARY

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD OBE

I love books and not only that but I thoroughly enjoy them, and when I can find the time I especially like reading them all the way through, with or without pictures, the older the better. That Michael Proust was such a clever man, don't you think. What was it he said about temps? That's it — he said he was "in search of temps perdu" which of course literally translated from the Italian means "in search of lost temps". Just imagine it, there he was, up to his neck in this great big book, this massive *oeuf*, as he would have called it, and the temps hadn't even bothered to show up. Poor lamb. I'm thinking of calling my next collection, "In the Footsteps of Michael Proust" in his honour, with all these beautiful girls dressed in the temp style, with little shorthand pads sewn into their noses, and fantastic six-inch platform heels shaped like typewriters. We need revolutions like that, because to my mind that's the only way that Britain will come to its senses and transform itself into a wholly cultural society, along the lines suggested by Bernard Russell, the great philatelist. Have you read him? Oh, but you *must*. His tailoring was always *impeccable*.

As Degas once said to Mallarmé: "Hello Mallarmé, my name is Degas." I myself have the very deepest respect for Degas, I'm a real Degas digger, you might say, and several of his poems have inspired my most recent Vivienne Westwood collection, "It's Amazing But I Really Can't Stop Having Great Big Thoughts", which many people in the fashion world are already describing, perhaps a little grudgingly, as the greatest work so far by one of the greatest fashion geniuses of the 20th century, namely myself.

The centrepiece is my famous "Heart of Darkness" range, inspired by the seafaring novels of Joseph Conrad such as *Lord John* and *Typhoo*. It takes the umbrella as its main motif, because in those days it could be absolutely pelting at sea, and there's umbrellas on the lapels of all my jackets and umbrellas on the breast of all my T-shirts. And of course all my lovely girl models wore Conrad-style bushy beards and sou'westers when they were modelling my acclaimed Conrad Corset Collection. And I discovered over the course of my lengthy historical research at the Victoria and Edward Museum that in those days seafarers who were taking produce from England to Borneo via the highly treacherous Menai Straits found platform heels generally got in the way, so in the interests of accuracy my evening range of Conradish long dresses is now teamed with wellington boots, with waders for morning wear.

I sometimes wonder whether I can halt it all by myself. The stagnation of Western culture in the 20th century, I mean. What was it La Rouchefoucoff once said? I forget.

Back in that amazing summer of '77, with my invention of the punk, I singlehandedly changed society for ever, bringing down the iron rule of the repressive Tory government under Mrs Thatcher, opening up a new and exciting error — the Eighties — in which people from all walks of life could come off the streets into my shops and really express their freedom and their contempt for Western materialism and their own incredible individuality by buying my range of exotic safety-pin leisurewear in a choice of two colours for just £1250 plus VAT, with an option of pocket-flaps for an additional £75 plus VAT, perhaps with an ironic Westwood LET'S SET FIRE TO SOCIETY hat shaped like an ironic crown for an ironic £199 plus VAT.

I hate it when people say "It's only fashion", really hate it. "What do you mean, 'It's only fashion'?" I reply. "As A J Air once said, 'Purple See-Through Jump-Suits are all about Language, Truth and Logic', but of course it's only those last four words that are ever remembered. To me, fashion is intrinsically concerned with morality and politics and changing society and the evidence for this is obvious if you know your history. For instance, some of you may already know that the French Revolution occurred in 1789. But how many of you knew that at the end of the previous year a revolutionary new type of black tulle corset with floral imprints had become widely available in the Paris fashion salons? In the same way, the downfall of President Nixon came in 1974, the very same year in which the Tank-Top took America by storm. Let's look at some other more major historical events, forged by my direct influence as a fashion designer:

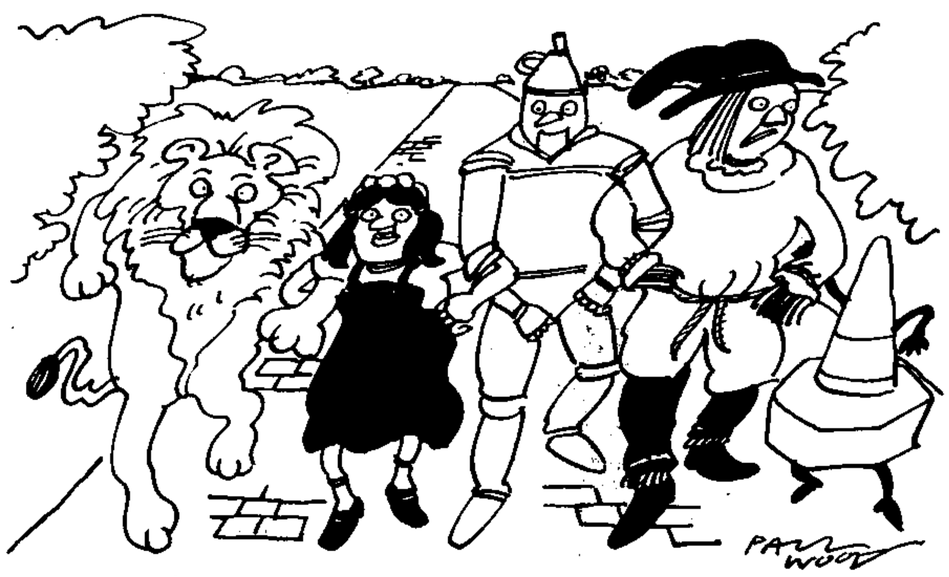
1978: The Vivienne Westwood Paris collection displays for the very first time my revolutionary pink stretch velour shoulder seams on a crenellated pinafore-style rubber bustier embroidered with fin-de-siecle Beardsley-style hand-stitched prints. Less than six weeks later, the Shah of Iran is driven into exile by supporters of the Ayatollah and the Islamic revolution has begun.

1982: I exclusively reveal my velvet Tudor bloomers with appliqué stitching in bright orange, purple and mauve. General Galtieri invades the Falkland Islands. In an unexpected move, I bring forward my new collection of Diane Arbus-inspired straitjacket undergarments for an immediate launch. On June 14th, 1982, the Argentinians surrender.

1989: My outrageous bondage-style evening wear collection, "I Think Therefore I Is", with safety-pin style navel decoration accessories and matching earrings, is launched in London to universal acclaim. Overnight, the Berlin Wall comes down.

1994: I attract worldwide attention and acclaim when I appear in a see-through evening dress to dinner at Kensington Palace. Just six weeks later, Nelson Mandela is elected President of South Africa in the first-ever democratic elections in that divided country. And yet still they continue to say: "It's only fashion."

People often ask me, just as they must have asked Aldous Hucksley and before him Norman Mainer: "Vivienne, from whence hails your fantastic inspiration?" "From all around me," is the answer. Just this morning, I saw a milk bottle on a doorstep. By noon I was already planning the Vivienne Westwood John Stewart Mill Gold Top Collection for next Spring, with fifteen beautiful models all entering in a fantasy milk float, wearing milk bottle platform heels, bustiers made from cherry yoghurt cartons and skirts created from all the separate slices you find in a loaf of ready-sliced bread, all beautifully stitched together by hand. At just £1950 plus VAT, it's going to start a new cultural revolution at the street level, and by the end of the year the Tories will be on the run. Now, remind me, love, what was it Wittgenstein said about Hot Pants?



Literary Review

Alice doesn't live here

Alice
John Bayley
(Duckworth, £14.99)

JOHN BAYLEY has paced himself pretty carefully as a novelist. He hasn't rushed at it. He made his debut in 1955, with *In Another Country*. Now, 40 years later, he has published his second novel, *Alice*.

Meanwhile, Bayley has filled in time as Warton Professor of English Literature at Oxford and hubby to Iris Murdoch, both distinguished public posts. In 1992 he retired from the professorship, being succeeded by Terri Eagleton, the Salford class-warrior, who has formally dismissed Bayley's criticism as "the rearguard action of a partially by-passed Oxford humanism, compounding both liberal and reactionary elements".

Since his retirement, Bayley has been busy doing all those little jobs he hadn't time to get round to before. He has begun an opinion column in the *Standard*, graced with a pouting, kiss-me-quick mugshot, like Nigella Lawson and Allison Pearson only sexier. This autumn, he is going to chair the Booker prize panel. And he has just published this rather unusual novel to show the contestants how to do it.

It tells the daftest story you ever heard. In Italy, Ginnie, a 33-year-old publisher, and Tom, a 22-year-old student, are both inveigled into acting as unwitting drug couriers by "Alice", an Australian tart in "an aubergine coloured bikini". Alice, engaged to Tom under another name, sleeps with Ginnie, a virgin; she also becomes the fiancée of a boring solicitor called Mark.

If this doesn't make sense, don't worry. Once they're all back in England, this plot completely unravels anyway. The engagements are off. There never were any real drugs. "Alice" is not Australian — and, lawks, she is actually a virgin too. So all those exciting thriller-ish stories were a lot of nonsense.

Bayley's message, as he helpfully reminds us every five pages or so, is that we've been ridiculously over-excited by the media into believing sex and violence are going on all around us, whereas reality is altogether more low key. People don't really have all that wild sex you keep reading about in the papers, he believes. What they really fancy is a nice cup of tea.

Bayley has produced here the ultimate Oldie novel. It's *The Young Visiters*, re-written for the second childhood. All the characters, whatever their putative ages, behave as though they are in their 70s and none too fit either. As narrator, Bayley's great concern is not providing thrills for the reader but rather to make sure that the characters are comfy.

He's constantly checking that they're wrapped up warm and getting enough to eat and not caught short. That's a particular problem. "Loos, or the lack of them, seemed to figure largely in their adventures," Ginnie reflects. It's true, it's true. In the car, for example, trouble's soon brewing: "Ginnie's own need... was becoming more acute by the minute; and she deeply regretted her early morning tea." It's one of the novel's most suspenseful moments.

And then digestion is generally a trial too. On page one, Ginnie (age 33) is already "wondering whether to get up for a tablet or some bicarb." Both she and Tom (22) worry about "becoming uncomfortably bloated", when they overdo things at teatime. It's quite a relief when things do go swimmingly: "Even her bowels, Ginnie felt, had responded nobly to the holiday challenge, and demonstrated a new and vigorous personality quite unlike their stolid daily selves."

And that's not to mention the other business. When Ginnie has her night of passion with Alice, she is "thankful that her period was over, although only just, as it happened. To have had to remove the apparatus would have been too shaming." Quite so — especially if you haven't got the right tools for the job to hand.

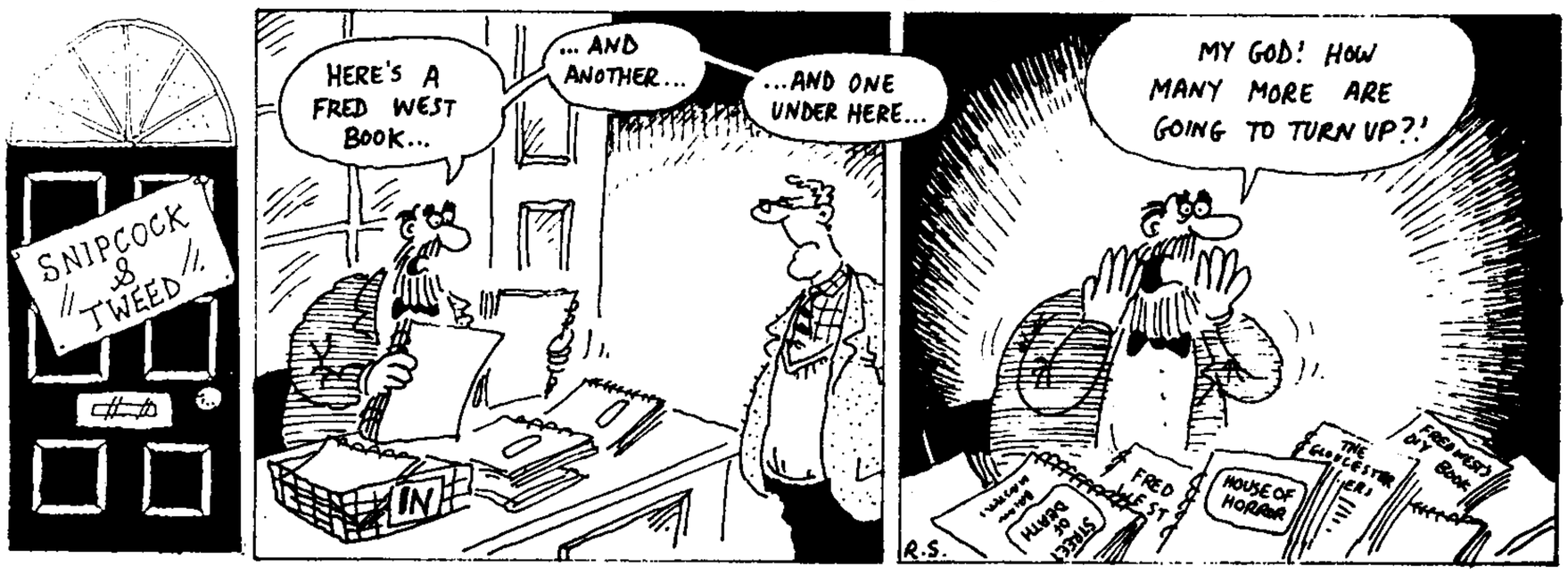
It's no wonder these people don't get down to it too often. "Everything now in human relations was supposed to be sex: but Ginnie was also beginning to wonder whether there wasn't much less of it about than people realised." There's certainly not much of it about here. Reflecting on her chaste engagement, Alice says: "D'you know, I think the reason Markie and I hit it off was that neither of us wanted to do it. Sort of innocent — a bit like you." Later she tells Ginnie: "Why, you're my little extra virgin, just like that super dinkum olive oil."

Bayley is uneasily aware that his story may be thought by some to be a little old hat, just a mite out of touch. Unfortunately, he pursues the disastrous policy of trying to pre-empt this criticism by having the characters constantly acknowledge it themselves. "What an oldfashioned lot they all were was, for a moment, Ginnie's slightly sour reflection." Again: "She wondered whether, in this tough and worldly day and age, with everyone knowing about orgasms and condoms, there was anyone who still had such feeble little thoughts as hers." She's right to wonder.

The characters even reflect catastrophically on the tale they find themselves in: " 'You know thrillers about drugs and criminals and all that? At least we know now how untrue they all are. Being sinister and so on.' "

At one point, it is said "Ginnie was seized with the sensation of complete unreality". The reader, here at least, knows exactly how she feels.

Really, every professor of literature, every Booker chairman, should be made to publish at least one novel. It's always good to be reminded that criticism and creation have almost nothing whatsoever to do with one another.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ HARVILL Press's publisher, the inscrutable Scotsman Christopher MacLehose, is unlikely to be saved at HarperCollins, despite Bookworm's plea on his behalf in the last *Eye*.

His execution was merely postponed in deference to his flight to New York: not to seek sanctuary but to console a publisher friend on the death of her husband.

MacLehose's request to his superiors at HarperCollins to be allowed to purchase the imprint was immediately turned down — even though HarperCollins desperately needs cash or at least to show a profit to its proprietor, the Digger. MacLehose must console himself that he has been promised enough cash by admirers to start his own imprint.

■ *NO FEWER than 40 jaded HarperCollins executives spent 3½ days last week at a fatuous management assault course at various venues in the home counties, including an obligatory visit to a school for handicapped children. This may or may not have been meant as a metaphor for the unhappy Hammersmith publishing house.*

Publisher Stuart Proffit led one of the cringe-making sub-EST sessions during which execs were ordered to reveal their innermost secrets. Who more appropriate to take the lead than Lady Thatcher's editor? So shocked was everyone by Stuart's confession that no one will break ranks to reveal it. What about the secret that this drivel has nothing to do with books and is merely pricy "therapy" for a management with no ideas?

☐ THE ONLY editor whose authors have won the NCR book award twice in its seven years is Tony Colwell of Jonathan Cape: for Joe Simpson's *Touching the Void* in 1989, and now for John Campbell's biography of Edward Heath.

After the winner was announced at the Savoy by Sue Lawley, Colwell took pity on a morose-looking Andrew Motion and went to commiserate with him for not winning with *Philip Larkin*.

"You remember me?" said poor Colwell as Motion glowered. "I helped you with some information about First World War maps when you worked for Chatto & Windus," continued the stammering Colwell, Chatto and Cape being in the same Random House building. "No, I don't remember you," said the friendly Motion, turning on his heel.

'Bookworm'

footnotes

TOTAL RECALL?

WILL Lord Justice Scott recall former prime minister Lady Thatcher to ask her to clarify a crucial part of her evidence to him which is now suspect?

New evidence from a recent court of appeal case suggests the former prime minister was economical with the truth about her knowledge of an arms-for-Iraq procurement group set up in her own office.

On 23 May the appeal court cleared an Iraqi-born businessman, Ali Daghir, who had been convicted in 1991 of selling "nuclear triggers" to Iraq and was sent to prison for five years (he served 15 months and was then bailed). Mr Daghir, former managing director of an exporting company based in Britain called Euromac, says he was framed by HM customs and that the electrical equipment he sold to Iraq had nothing to do with arms, let alone nuclear arms.

The court of appeal, Lord Chief Justice Taylor presiding, allowed the appeal on the narrow ground of "judge's misdirection". This meant the other main ground of appeal — the alleged "entrapment" by a customs' sting operation — was not argued in open court. This was a pity. If the customs operation had been investigated, someone might have demanded an explanation for the curious involvement in the case of Lady Thatcher.

In her evidence to Scott on 8 December last year, Thatcher said she had known very little about British arms sales to Iraq before 1990. She hadn't known, for instance, about huge consignments of machine tools which, British intelligence had reported, had been flowing from Britain to Iraq from 1988 to help the Saddam regime make munitions factories.

This uncharacteristic ignorance about what

Lady Margaret Balls?

was going on under her nose became rather difficult to sustain when she was asked at the inquiry about the Working Group on Iraqi Procurement, a small, high-powered group in the cabinet office which promoted arms exports to Iraq. The group was set up in May 1989. Surely, Thatcher was asked, she knew about this group in her own office? Perhaps, suggested counsel for the Scott inquiry, Presiley Baxendale, she actually set it up.

Baxendale asked: "I think that certainly the documents look as though it was your interest in the procurement activities on behalf of Iraq that caused the start of the working group [on Iraqi procurement]?"

This crucial question was not answered. As she shuffled through the papers, Thatcher mumbled about something she hadn't been asked about. "Nuclear capacitors," she said. "I think there was a note in about spring of 1990, March or April 1990."

To this Baxendale replied: "This is much earlier".

Again ignoring the point, Thatcher rambled on about the nuclear capacitors. "I suddenly saw this," she said. "I think it would have been in the intelligence document. Whether it was in the red book, or I had been told that customs had found these. They were not made here. They were in transit to Iraq through this country. They were discovered in a very good piece of work, I thought, by customs. That immediately prompted me to ask for more information about nuclear capacitors and there was one other thing... It was the nuclear capacitors that had alerted me to ask for more information."

Thatcher insisted that after noticing what was going on in her office for nearly a year, she was suddenly jerked into asking questions about arms for Iraq by the "nuclear capacitors" case. She dated these revelations as "March or April 1990" — a date which was, as it now turns out, completely false.

The "nuclear capacitors" which jogged her consciousness were the ones to be exported to Iraq by the luckless Ali Daghir and his British company Euromac. The "very good piece of work" which Thatcher remembered was in fact an old fashioned sting in which a US customs officer posed as a representative of the San Diego manufacturers of the capacitors and enticed the small fry Daghir into exporting them to Iraq.

To help prove this "entrapment", Daghir's lawyers insisted on the discovery of all relevant documents from US customs. Among these was a message from the sting operation control at San Diego which ran as follows: "The British authorities contacted by US customs in London have also added their support to the proposed operation and customs San Diego was advised that the British prime minister was advised of the status of the investigation and is very much interested in its progress and successful outcome."

The memo was dated 4 August 1989.

FREED: Ali Ashour Daghir (right) and co-director

Here was the plainest possible proof that Lady Thatcher's interest and support for the nuclear capacitors sting dated back to — at the very least — August 1989. Yet she had dated it, in her evidence to Scott, as March/April 1990. The discrepancy is crucial. Since she dates her knowledge of the cabinet arms procurement group by the Daghir case, then she knew about the group in the summer of 1989, just after it was set up.

Baxendale's presumption that Thatcher probably set the group up herself seems, in the light of the new evidence, very persuasive. Why therefore was she so reluctant to admit it? Here are two possible answers to that question:

- If Thatcher was so clearly involved in praising the "good work" of customs in setting up an exporter of capacitors (which might or might not have been used for military purposes), how monstrous would have been her hypocrisy if she and her own cabinet office were involved in encouraging blue-blooded British companies to increase arms exports to Saddam?
- Christopher Cowley, the Bristol engineer who was arrested by customs in 1990 for his part in the making of a supergun for Saddam and was released without charge seven months later, has always claimed the charges were dropped after an intervention from Thatcher. Cowley's view has been systematically ridiculed by Tory MPs, attorneys-general, cabinet office bigwigs and others. How, they ask mockingly, could the prime minister possibly be involved at any level with a prosecution by customs?

After the San Diego memo the mockery falls rather flat.

SERGEANT'S MESS 3

THE STORIES in the last two *Eyes* about the racist murders in south London were taken up by Carlton's *London Tonight* on 24 May. For some mysterious reason the programme did not mention the detective sergeant involved in both stories — DS Christopher Crowley of Plumstead police station.

The programme helpfully informed its viewers that the sergeant was "named in the magazine *Private Eye*". John Austin-Walker, Labour MP for Woolwich, has written to the home secretary and the attorney-general demanding an independent investigation.

While waiting for that, the magazine *Private Eye* can also reveal another twist to the story. The main witness to the Lawrence murder, a close friend of the murdered student, who picked out a suspect from an identification parade but whose evidence was discredited by DS Crowley, is himself being prosecuted for violent disorder and criminal damage arising from a protest demonstration two weeks after the murder.

This prosecution was not brought until September last year: four months after the demonstration and after the decision to prosecute two men for Stephen Lawrence's murder had been dropped because of DS Crowley's intervention.

If this young man is convicted, the Metropolitan police and the crown prosecution service (CPS) will have achieved a rare record. While Stephen Lawrence's murderers stalk the streets as free men, a young friend of Stephen who was with him when he died and who identified a man as one of the murderers is prosecuted for something else, and punished.

PS: The *Eye* has received the following letter from the police solicitors, Russell Jones and Walker:

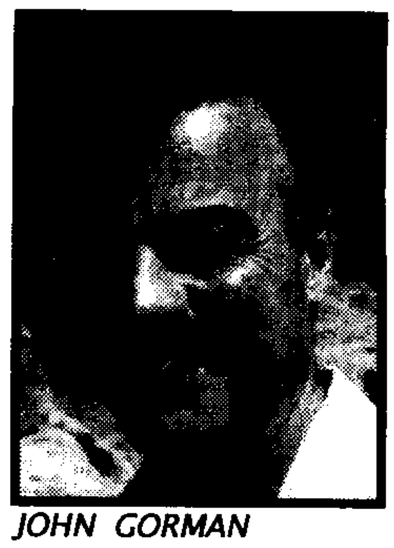
"We act for Det Sgt Crowley of Plumstead CID who has instructed us in respect of an article that appeared in *Private Eye* on page 26 of your issue of Friday 6 May, 1994. We are investigating this matter but in the meantime would ask you to preserve all relevant documents and tapes that you have concerning this story."

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

■ "The dreadful testimony at Newcastle crown court made it clear that Black was obsessed with child pornography, that it stimulated him sexually and that he had no difficulty getting hold of it. What better argument for a tougher line against the tide of filth? Only last month the so-called experts finally acknowledged that video-nasties had a malevolent effect on children... To hell with the protests of the anti-censorship brigade."
— News of the World first leader, 22 May.

■ "Mary Whitehouse, who has been the self-appointed arbiter of taste on our TV screens, officially retires today. After 30 years of this interfering busybody telling us what we should be watching, we are finally free to make up our own minds."
— News of the World third leader, 22 May.

WORLD'S FAVOURITE DIRTY TRICKS


JOHN GORMAN

THOSE who believe that allegations of dirty tricks against British Airways are confined to Richard Branson will enjoy the following story.

BA shareholder and executive club member John Gorman was rather put out when he found a condom in his British Airways dinner. British Airways apologised and compensated him. Not long afterwards, on another journey, he complained about being cut in the throat by a piece of glass in his drink. He complained again.

This time British Airways' attitude changed. It started to treat him like a wimp and a whinger. (Mr Gorman is a retired police officer who was forced out of the service by an illness he contracted while investigating the source of the explosives used in the IRA bombing of the Grand Hotel in Brighton.)

This time last year, he started to receive anonymous and abusive telephone calls. They referred in the main to his complaints against British Airways and urged him to lay off or "suffer the consequences". He reported the calls to Scotland Yard's police investigations branch. On the advice of a Chief Inspector Lovelock, Mr Gorman fitted a tracer to his phone. The calls continued.

● On 3 November, he got a call as follows: "You're an arsehole, we'll get you next time." The call was traced to the office of the chief of security at, er, the world's favourite airline, British Airways.

● The following day, 4 November, a caller told him that if he made any more complaints he would get his head kicked in. This time the call was traced to Heathrow police station.

● On 11 November another call told him: "If you keep complaining as you've done, you'll suffer the consequences." The call was traced to a public telephone box inside the offices of British Airways investigations branch.

● On 16 November, a caller told him: "Any morning nice and early we are coming to arrest you smart arse. Lovelock doesn't like you and his sergeant thinks you are a raving poofter. You were warned." This call was traced to West Drayton police station, which is connected to the Heathrow police telephone complex.

All these calls and traces were recorded by a senior technician at British Telecom's "Nuisance Bureau" and are on file at BT.

Mr Gorman was then advised that the tracer was no longer necessary and it was removed. The calls went on, however, throughout the first three months of 1994.

Startled by all this, Mr Gorman decided to sue British Airways for the damage caused by the cut glass. Before doing so, he agreed to discuss his case with British Airways and went to Speedbird House, BA's headquarters, with his files. While in the building his car was broken into and his files on his BA complaint were stolen. He complained to BA security, who said they knew nothing of the break-in. Last month he was called into the offices of BA's solicitors who handed him his stolen files, which, they explained, had been delivered to them.

Last month Mr Gorman went to hospital for an operation. When he returned he found his car vandalised, with the words NO WIN WITH BA painted on it.

A BA spokesman told the Eye that the anonymous callers from British Airways offices "have not been traced". The stolen documents, he said, had "arrived unsolicited" at the offices of BA's solicitors, and had been returned. The vandalised car, he said, was "a matter for the police".

PRESS FEE-DOM

THE stinging rebuke from the European human rights commission for the British prosecution of young journalist Bill Goodwin came as a bit of a shock to one of London's top solicitors' firms, Lovell White Durrant.

The firm had enthusiastically represented the Maidenhead-based computer software company Tetra, which was so outraged to be rung up with perfectly fair questions by Goodwin that it slapped an injunction on him banning him from publishing anything, and then demanded he reveal his sources.

When Goodwin bravely refused, Tetra took him to court where he was convicted of contempt of court and fined £5,000.

None of this squalid action, now denounced by the European human rights commission as an outrageous interference in the freedom of the press, was too much for Lovell White Durrant. The firm cheerfully clocked up gargantuan costs in a case which went all the way to the House of Lords and on to Europe.

Lovell White Durrant may have been against too much freedom of the press in the Goodwin case – but it can't get enough of it when acting for big-spending clients like the *Guardian*, *Express* and *Mirror* newspapers.

PS: Another great supporter of press freedom is the new management at the magazine group Morgan Grampian, which owns the paper Goodwin worked on, *The Engineer*. Morgan Grampian last year enlarged its freedom by de-recognising trades unions, and rewarded Bill Goodwin's brave stand by sacking him.

Porter house blues

■ "GERRYMANDERING WORKS" was the slogan at Westminster city hall on the night of the local elections as the Tories celebrated one of their few election victories, holding on to their 45 seats to Labour's 15.

Miles Young stays as leader, Simon Milton deputy leader and Robert Davis chair of planning — all happily free of the immediate threat of surcharge from the district auditor.

BBC's *Panorama* on 16 May, carefully postponed by John Birt until after the election, revealed how the "designated sales" (homes for votes) policy worked. But the real fear for the Big Three is that the programme prepares the ground for the district auditor's second major inquiry — into the use of public money to boost the "target wards" (those which Labour might win). Documents which have come to the *Eye* suggest that all three were rather closely associated with this policy, which was the subject of a huge raid by the district auditor on council offices in March.

Miles Young, for instance, was responsible for "quality of life" projects in 1987. This included spending money on pavements. A document he presented to the secret council chairmen's group in October 1987 set aside £486,000 for this work, and warned: "Because of the scale of works needed in all the target wards, this year the project is concentrated on Cavendish, Victoria and Millbank wards" (the three most marginal).

Trying to clear up Westminster Council's shit: Cllr. Robert Davis (left)

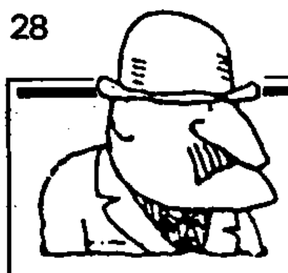
Young was also responsible for "environmental protection groups" to spruce up the areas — provided of course they were "concentrating limited resources in target wards".

Simon Milton is designated by the documents as he "lead member" in the campagn to sabotage the bid by tenants on the Walterton and Elgin estates to use the government's own housing laws to take control of their homes.

As for Roger Davis, he wrote a rather embarrassing document on the stable communities project in September 1987. He attacked his colleagues for concentrating their efforts "in areas which are far from the targeted wards". The project, he said, should be concentrated on the target wards to ensure "that the right type of homes are provided with the right sort of voters". Davis pretends now that he was young and inexperienced when he wrote all this and nobody took any notice. In fact Davis's paper was endorsed by Young, who proudly presented it to Lady Porter, the council leader, and it instantly became council policy.

What the district auditor will think of all this is too early to judge. But how awful it would be for Westminster Tories if their leader, deputy leader and planning chairman joined the lengthening list of councillors to be surcharged.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183



In the City

FIASCOS like Roger Levitt, Asil Nadir, Guinness and Blue Arrow have irreparably tarnished the Serious Farce Office's reputation — but the real danger to its future may come from the declining number of serious frauds that require a separate authority costing £20 million a year to investigate and prosecute.

The threat faced by the SFO from this recession in big time fraud is made amply clear in its latest annual report. Last month the number of active cases, including those where charges have already been brought, was at its lowest level since the SFO opened its doors in 1988. At 48, the caseload compares with 57 last year and 60 two years ago — a fall of 20 percent. The peak figure was 66 in 1989.

That the number of cases would fall was inevitable. Major frauds tend to be uncovered as a result of consequences beyond the fraudsman's control. The recession-driven falls in the stock and property markets, together with high interest rates, caused the tide to roll out leaving the substantial skeletons of BCCI, Maxwell, Brent Walker, Polly Peck, Barlow Clowes and Levitt Group exposed on the beach.

But that was 1988-91, and this is 1994: the frauds of the future are currently submerged by the returning tide of confidence, although the long forecast share price crash could produce a new crop. Also there has not yet been enough time for a new generation of financial illusionists to develop.

None of this, however, helps the SFO whose future is currently being decided in discussions between the attorney-general Sir Nicholas Lyell, the treasury and the home office.

Nor does the fact that the SFO has been criticised in the report compiled by treasury mandarin John Graham for its poor cost effectiveness, not helped by the millions it hands over to outside accountants, in cases such as Nazmu Virani, for work that used to be done in-house. High priced successes require explanations, although not as many as high priced failures. No wonder, therefore, the SFO underspent its budget last year by almost £2 million.

Furthermore, despite the Virani success and the discredited plea bargains done with Levitt and Terry Ramsden, the SFO's conviction rate has not helped its cause. Last year acquittals outnumbered convictions at trial by almost two to one — 22 to 12. Only the guilty pleas from Levitt, Ramsden and 18 others made the figures look respectable. But even then the conviction rate was only 59 percent, down from 71 percent the previous year, and at trial it was only 35 percent compared with a hardly acceptable 50 percent. No wonder director George Staple is all for plea bargains!

These results were well below even the modest average for the six years the SFO has been in operation. Since 1988 it has prosecuted 280 defendants against whom it has obtained 185 convictions — an average of 66 percent. But in 108 cases there was a guilty plea, so the conviction rate is much less impressive. Out of the 172 defendants who pleaded not guilty, the SFO obtained a result in only 77 cases — an average of 45 percent. Hardly surprising, then, that the best shot for guilty suits is to go all the way and wait for the SFO to screw up.

No doubt the Graham report will have measured this unimpressive performance at a cost of £88 million against the unpublicised success rate of the crown prosecution service's fraud investigation group. And as the big cases disappear, the argument that the disappointing ends in court justify the SFO's expensive means may become increasingly difficult to sustain.

Particularly as, ignoring its lack of success rate, the other problem for the SFO is not just the quantity but the quality of its current caseload. Once the remaining BCCI prosecution, Brent Walker and the Maxwell brothers are history (early 1995), it has few headline grabbing cases to justify its continued existence as a separate body. And woe betide if any of the remaining major trials go wrong for the SFO — a possibility which cannot be discounted.

The 20 cases under investigation in the latest annual report contain only Landhurst Leasing which could be considered in the premier league — losses of up to half the £140 million loan book and lots of big names involved.

Then there are a handful of first division cases: the Clive Smith share ramp twins Butte Mining and Richmond Oil & Gas; the till emptying at motorcycle makers Norton Group; the looting of reinsurers London United Investments.

But after that it is down to the second if not third division and beyond, with a cluster of cases being worked in conjunction with provincial police forces where the scale of the frauds alleged may only just reach the SFO's £5 million entry fee and then with a lot of massaging. These include at least one case, Letap Pharmaceuticals, initially rejected by Scotland Yard's fraud squad as too small! Another case is merely a collection of "long firm" frauds banded together to meet the £5 million criterion.

Then there are the cases which have little or no likelihood of going anywhere other than the No Further Action tray. Mini-BCCI General Credit Finance, where the principals are believed to have fled to Pakistan with whom Britain has no extradition treaty. Delta Consultants, where the UK connection is at best tangential — the bad guys are American and the losers either American or across the Channel — and it has already been accepted that any case will be brought in the US.

Finally there are two cases of local government corruption in the West Midlands (housing grants and the celebrated regional health authority scandal), plus one case involving a firm of solicitors defrauding the Legal Aid Fund.

All of this hardly matches the expectations of the brave new world of City fraud busting ushered in by the SFO's creation. Indeed, many of these cases would have been rejected a year or so ago. No wonder a merger with the CPS's fraud investigation group — which has high profile cases such as the Salvation Army fraud and the billion-pound Harrovian mortgage fraud — seems more and more likely. That way, at least, the Conservatives will not have to admit that its own creation is too seriously flawed to continue. A political embarrassment it can well do without.

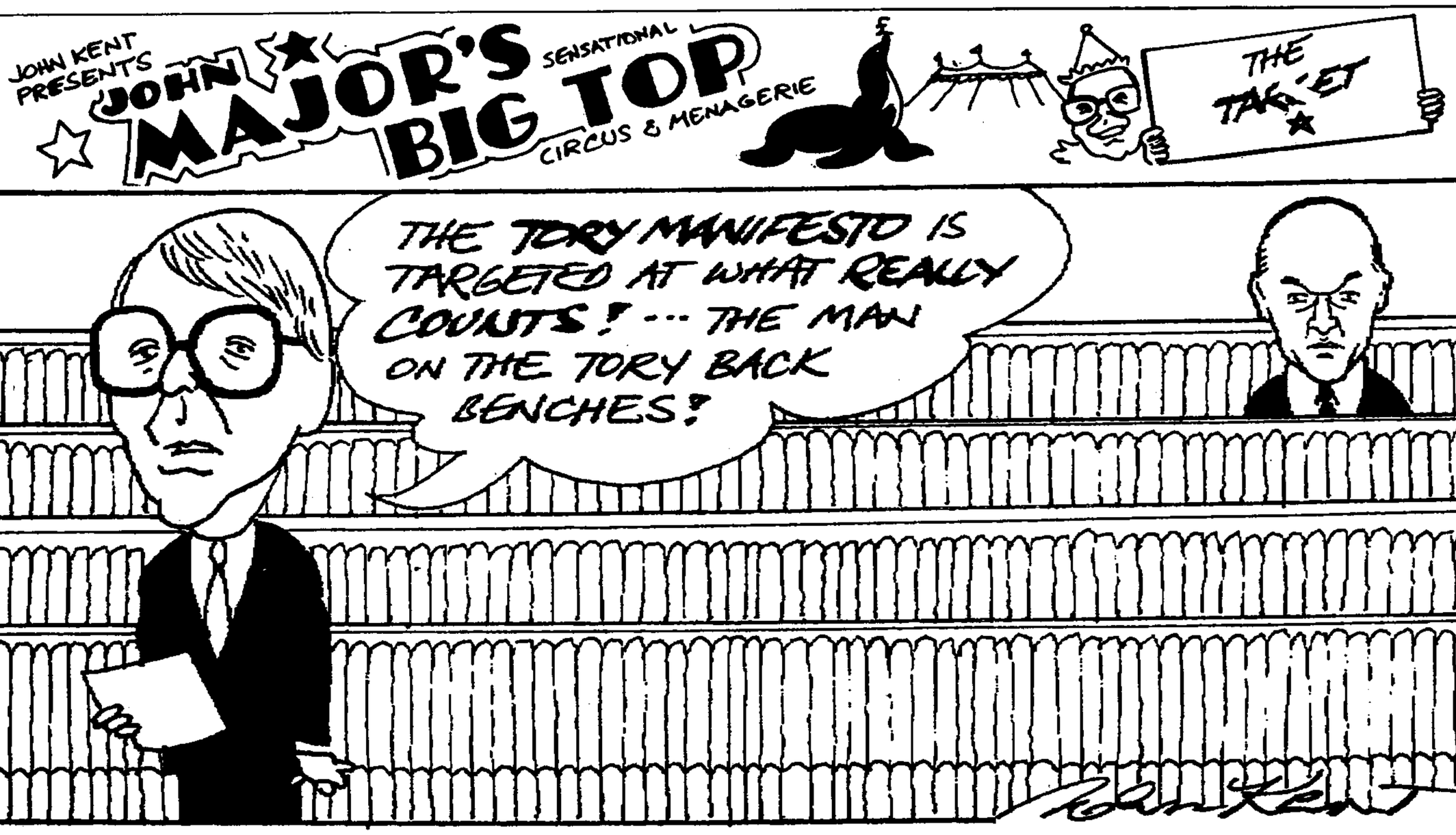
THE PROPRIETORIAL ambitions of *Mail on Sunday* City editor Clive Wolman to set up a rival to the *Financial Times* will not have been helped by yet another instant grovelling apology in the Financial Journal of the Year.

Hard on the heels of apologising on 1 May to David Abell and his Suter group for a 24 April revelation about a tax probe that wasn't, came a 24-carat grovel on 15 May to QCs Michael Sherrard and Ian Mayes over an article the previous week. Both the Suter and Sherrard articles were written by Wolman's number two, Lawrence Lever.

On 1 May the *MoS* reported how Nissan UK fugitive Octav Botnar's righthand man Michael Hunt had unsuccessfully appealed his tax fraud conviction largely on the ground of mistakes made by his defence team lead by Sherrard, who was said to have been "flagrantly incompetent". What it did not report was that these criticisms were comprehensively rejected by the court of appeal. The result? An unreserved apology plus costs and a payment to two charities.

By a remarkable coincidence this is the second time Wolman has been involved in unreservedly apologising to Michael Sherrard. The first time, as detailed in the last *Eye*, concerned a 1987 *FT* article about the Guinness case which encouraged Wolman's promotion to the personal finance section.

'Slicker'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This retreat into the abstract is, no doubt, partly due to the stringent guidelines enforced on tobacco advertising. But doesn't it strike you as ironic that very often the only way to tell what these stylish images are trying to sell you is by the health warning at the bottom?

And it is not just the advertising that is guilty of giving the wrong impression.

There are the names of the cigarettes themselves.

A quick glance at any tobacconist's shelf will show you just how many of them manage to conjure up an image of something expensive, stylish, sophisticated or exotic.

Not so Death.

The outside of our pack doesn't disguise what's on the inside. Both the name and the pack should leave no doubt as to the risks you face.

You may miss the health warning on some cigarettes but, like death itself, ours is unavoidable.

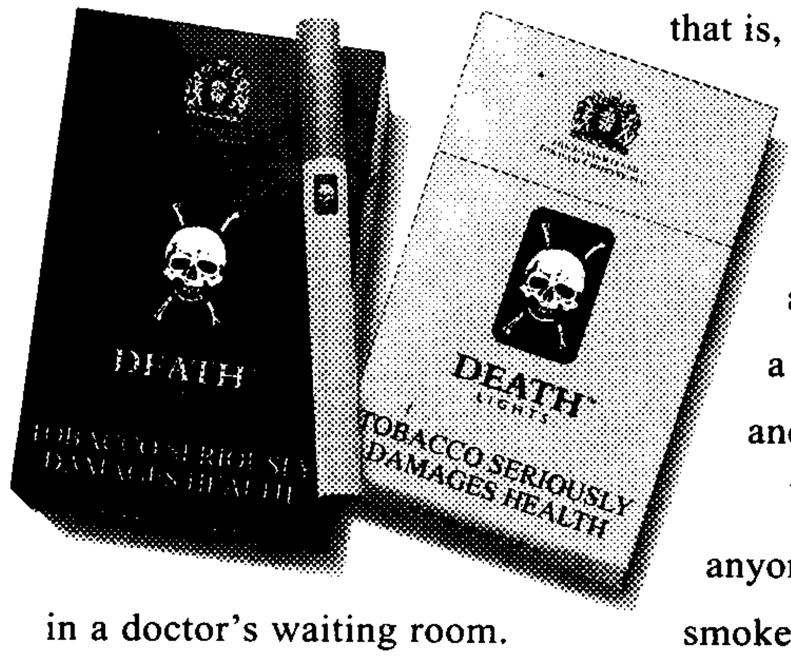
Surely though, we're being a little hypocritical? If we really want you to buy our cigarettes, why do we seem to go out of our way to warn you against smoking them?

We believe it's the only honest thing to do.

As far as we're concerned, we have a responsibility to remind you of the dangers.

Like, for instance, compared to a non-smoker, a smoker is more likely to develop lung cancer, more likely to develop laryngeal cancer, more likely to develop heart disease, more likely to develop bronchitis and more likely to develop emphysema.

In fact, the list of diseases that can be associated with smoking is as long as a queue



in a doctor's waiting room.

Doesn't it seem reasonable, therefore, that if we are contributing to the problem, we should somehow be contributing to the solution?

That's precisely why the Enlightened Tobacco Company has made a start by giving 10% of all its pre-tax profits to non-vivisection cancer charities.

Not that you should expect a miracle cure. The best way to avoid lung cancer, and indeed all the other smoking-related diseases, is still the same. Don't smoke.

But if you do choose to continue, despite the health risks, you've still got one more choice to make. And that is, which brand to smoke.

Should you really choose one that refuses to tell the truth and has never admitted a link between smoking and ill health?

You know as well as anyone that it isn't wise to smoke.

But that's no reason to allow cigarette companies to treat you like an idiot.

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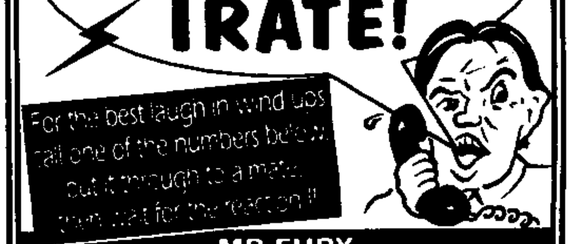

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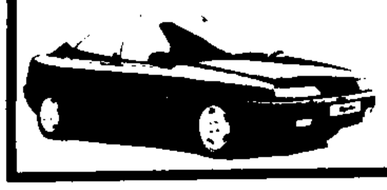

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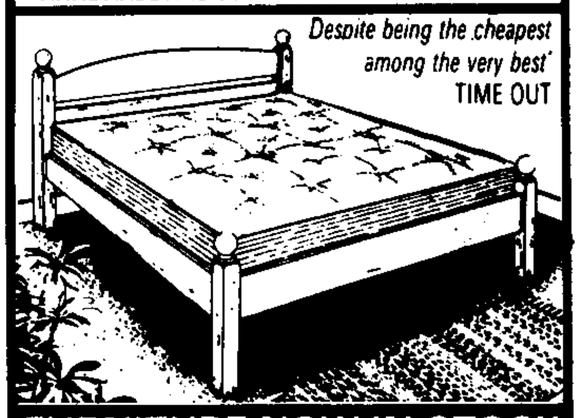

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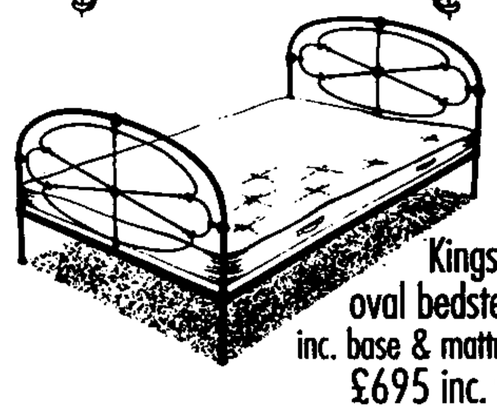

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Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 7th June for inclusion in the next issue.

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Quote of the week:

It was destined for the rubbish heap but Lady Thatcher's loo has ended up as the centrepiece of a stranger's drawing room in Chelsea... "It was in the skip outside, so I took it," said Mrs Adomie-Broughton. "It was there with a bath — they were ordinary white things, you know. She was very economical with her bathroom fittings."

Channel 4

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See page 30.

SIDWELL bet you never thought you would see your name in Private Eye. We all miss you very much. Get in touch. The Edlins.

JUNE 8TH — one year since new evidence submitted. Justice for the Bridgewater Four now. JJ&Å.

JAZ & CO. Enquiry sent to address given 3/5/94. No reply (yet). Non-arrival your end? C.T.

INSULT YOUR FAMILY and friends with a "you ugly bastard" T-shirt only £6.99 each to order from WBT-SHIRT 0374 886413.

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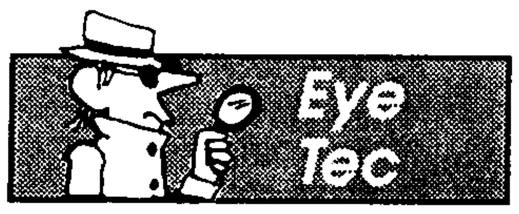

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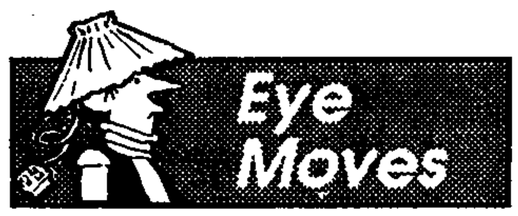

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UGLY BACHELOR,39, seeks woman. Yorkshire. Box 5047.

EXPATRIATE FEMALE GRADUATE, 35, home July, August seeks unattached man for good company, conversation, warmth, dinner etc. Letter and photo please. Norwich area. Box 3847.

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JUST WHAT THE world needs, another intelligent, creative, kind, funny man, 26, seeks female company (or a letter at least). Box 4047.

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SOS: short of society. Energetic, educated young male, 25, loves music, literature and laughing, seeks caring twenties woman. London. Photo please. Box 3647.

SUNNY, CHAOTIC adventuress, 42, with kaleidoscopic interests, passionate nature and lovely smile, aches for spontaneous, wholehearted, n/s man for lotus-eating in Yorkshire. Box 3747.

BIBULOUS LONDON HACK, 39, single, seeks voluptuous, tall, slim woman under 35 to share life's pleasures. Psychobabble or whale music devotees need not respond. Box 2847.

PROFESSIONAL, OUTGOING male, 40, well educated and travelled, seeks married or independent lady for occasional excitement when both feeling free. South/South west. Box 2947.

TWO FUNLOVING professional women, 29, want two lively chaps with own hair and GSoH for nights out in London and adventure. Box 3047.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (36) Brighton/Sussex slim and adventurous seeks similar soulmate (teacher/doctor?) for long term fun and romance. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 4847.

TARTLESS WRECK, 30, seeks reckless tart. Birmingham. Box 4947.

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ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, sporty London 38 year-old man (recently broken with long-term girlfriend) seeks attractive, intelligent, happy and lively single girl 25-25. Photo please. Box 3147.

TOY BOY/ OLD GIT (33), seeks older/younger lady for casual fun and frolics. Photo please. Box 3247.

IMPERFECT MAN seeks imperfect woman. Me: 30, graduate, professional, single, honest, creative, n/s, non-smoker, 5'10", S Yorks. You: 25-35, intelligent, independent minded, hence non-Tory. Purpose: friendship, passion, argument. Box 3347.

CHARISMATIC, GREEN-EYED blonde, petite, elegant, very sensual, seeks very affluent high-achieving male 40+ who appreciates the best in life. Box 3447.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE (33), seeks sensuous, exciting, caring graduate (35-45) for artistic tour of renaissance Italy; more later? Must admire classical music. Hampshire. No anoraks. Box 3746.

PRETTY WOMAN, 27, seeks mature male, 6' plus, for uncomplicated fun. Watford/Kent/South East. Box 3145.

LONDON WOMAN seeks 'special' man 49ish for love and friendship. Box 1447.

LADY WANTED: elegant, feminine, loving and free, beautiful sunny and just like me, longing to share those autumn-leaved walks, losing yourself in fireside talks with a six foot, thirtyish media guy, who's searched for a year and can't work out why the girls all say — the good men have gone — Can this well-spoken, successful, intuitive, good looking and unable to scan gentleman be the last one? ALA with picture. Box 1547.

WITTY WOMAN, 5'2, 47, with dimples and delightful personality wants to be spoilt rotten by a nice man. Box 1647.

CATHY (28, tall, ravishing blonde) seeks Heathcliffe for wild passion and adventure (Cheshire). Box 1847.

BASIC INSTINCT Attractive natural blonde, slenderly delectable, sensuous late 40s, 5'4", seeks mature professional clean-shaven man-of-the-world, n/s, extrovert, SoH, caring sensitivity, for mutual very discreet meaningful relationship (optimistically on-going?) without permanent ties to enjoy up-market wining, dining etc. Day time preferred, some evenings, occasional weekend. No hypocrites. London area. Photo (exchange) phone no, letter ensures immediate response to genuinely motivated replies on receipt. Box 2047.

BARONET (48) widower, long time resident overseas, seeks unattached attractive humorous lady to share unique lifestyle in hot tropical paradise. Box 2147.

CREATIVE AD MAN, 43. 6'. Little hair but big-hearted is in loving but no-love relationship. Therefore, seeks uninhibited, uncomplicated release with woman in similar situation. London. Box 2247.

MALE, 26, WARM, intelligent, sensitive, fed up with women who aren't, seeks one who is. North east. Box 2347.

GENTLE, HONEST, OK looking, classical music loving, scientist type male with SoH seeks pretty, shyish, intelligent girl with lovely smile. Age immaterial. NS. Photo (of you) please. Cambs/anywhere. Box 2447.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL man, 55, SoH, sensitive, seeks slender, delectable lady for discreet meaningful relationship without permanent ties for daytime wining, dining etc. London. Box 2547.

PACIFIST MALE, 37, likes books, sex, travel, cinema, theatre seeks attractive, intelligent female soulmate. Box 2647.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, loves films, football, pizza; hates discos, cleaning, seeks tall, humorous bloke 28-30 Yorkshire. Box 2747.

STARVING ARTIST seeks muse with muesli. Painter requires artistic woman 25-40 in the Northwest. Box 3846.

BEAUTIFUL, LOVING career girl, young 35 seeks, male soul mate. Leics, anywhere. Box 3946.

CONVICTED MANSLAUGHTERER,
40, seeks female correspondents/ visitors/ friends.
Essex secure hospital. No visitors or letters for ages.
Please write Box 4046.

SUSSEX MAN, 46, seeks warm, witty woman to share wine, walks and wonder with maybe a cigarette afterwards. Box 4146.

HEDONISTIC, EDUCATED, sexually-confident male, young 44, seeks sensual discreet woman for uncomplicated pleasure. North West. Box 4246.

DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN? TDH man seeks woman fine in both mind and body. Picture and prose should prove both... then we can go somewhere else!! Box 4346.

WANTED — married, tall, 35ish businessman — sometimes in Southwest — to dine with, distract or devour attractive blonde. Box 4446.

FAT SLAG, 27, wants man (London). Box 4546.

SENSUOUS SCORPIO FEMALE, 30, seeks kind professional male for happy ever after. Box 4646.

SINGLE MALE 40+ seeks woman for two holidays a year to interesting places. No strings. Negotiable holiday dates. Box 4746.

ROMANTIC BACHELOR tall, handsome, young 41, kind, good-humoured, seeks special lady 25-35. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 4846.

REPULSIVE PROFESSIONAL male (39) seeks ugly, fat, constipated woman (25-35) who has absolutely no sense of humour (ANSoH) for afternoons of sheer misery and boredom. Foul photograph ensures revolting reply. Box 4946.

ATTENTION SMOKERS! Handsome shy graduate, 38, seeks attractive, intelligent, classy, faithful, professional lady to share lasting relationship and sensual delights of smoking. Turn me on with letter and action photo! Box 5046.

DESPERATE MALE seeks shag. London. Box 5146.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL male, young 40, attached but unfulfilled, seeks a vivacious lady for stimulating conversation, friendship and a discreet affair. Box 5246.

DR SEYMOUR seeks Zeke Anderson for permanent tour of duty. (MI6 optional). Box 5346.

SPARKLING, CREATIVE, unconventional woman seeks sensitive passionate male (30s/under 6') to share the gems of life with. Photo please. Box 5446.

EDUCATED MALE, 42, v. affectionate, dumped by girlfriend, bruised, seeks independent-minded woman, any age/race/status, for TLC and friendship. Box 5546.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT to drink cheap wine or romance unavailable women. I am 45, good looking and a professional with my own business. I enjoy eating, drinking, theatre, films and rock and roll, but find it less satisfying on my own. You will be medium to small, have an open mind, dress fashionably but be happy in jeans and mud. Warm and outgoing you may just have an edge that makes you particularly interesting. If you would like to explore London's pleasures with me contact Box 6947.

CENTRAL LONDON. Widely travelled man, forties, seeks upmarket lady to share occasional luxury afternoons. Discretion assured. Photo letter appreciated. Box 5847.

EAST KENT. Gentleman fifties, early sixties, sought by small blonde, still slim, curvy, lively, dead relationship. Holiday sun perhaps. Photo essential. Box 5947.

MALE, 33, seeks experienced, uninhibited girl for weekday frolics. Box 6047.

EXCITING, EXTROVERT, up-market male, 55, requires well-travelled, uptown lady with sex-appeal, clothes sense, warmth and a sense of humour. All letters answered. Box 6147.

WILLENDORF VENUS requires erudite acolyte, Scotland. Box 6247.

MALE, 35, (straight in all but posture) seeks friendship of shy, gawky, public school female civil servant, 24. Or similar. London. Box 6347.

LEATHER-CLAD BIKER, 30s, half intellect, half animal, seeks younger woman (teens/twenties) for lustful meaningless meetings. Box 6447.

COUNT DRACULA requests the pleasure of your company in London and Bucharest, ie 40s diplomat seeks adventurous lady to share travel, sports, photography, the arts. Photo, letter RSVP. Box 6547.

OCCASIONAL COMPANION sought by Glasgow-based businessman for discreet affair. Should be able to disappear for midweek and weekend jaunts. Balbirnie House for 1st weekend. Box 5147.

MARRIED BUSINESSMAN, 44, seeks n/s lady 30-50 for discreet meetings. Must enjoy wining, dining and laughing. City London area. Box 5247.

CURVACIOUS, ATTRACTIVE, successful, fun-loving, 40s lady, n/s, seeking vibrant, ravishing equivalent for undemanding, invigorating, unalloyed delights. Bucks/London. Photo please. Box 5347.

TALL, HANDSOME, successful, thinking, professional. Married, 46. Loves romance and ideas. Needs lovely woman friend to bring them together. Box 5447.

CITY MAN, attractive young 39 in lifeless commitment seeks similar female for friendship. Age not important. Box 5547.

FRANK DREBIN (young 47) seeks Priscilla Presley (n/s 30-45). Tyneside/Northumberland. Box 5647.

FUN-LOVING, not unattractive male, mid-30s, seeks similar female companion for one to two years overseas living/travelling. All expenses split down the middle. Attitude more important than age. Box 5747.

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GRADUATE WOMAN, young 49, intelligent, dark, attractive, seeks interesting, kind, affectionate, solvent boyfriend, with excellent soh. Sounds corny but there it is. Ring 0660 204011

GENTLEMAN OF MEANS, integrity, and maturity, offers tender care to maid of youth, beauty and gaiety. Ring 0660 204013

OUT THERE in the big wide world, is there a sporty, fun-loving, sensuous female, between 30 & 45? If so, please contact me Ring 0660 204022

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, professional, 31, seeks intelligent, handsome, trendyish man, who combines mild political correctness with wicked sense of humour. Ring 0660 205073

YOU ARE A MALE, more into Joe Brand than Kate Moss, discreet, honest and wanting a friendly relationship with this 40 year old female. I am waiting for your call. Ring 0660 205091

SINGLE FEMALE, 39, North London, would like to meet people for friendship and socialising. Ring 0660 205105

FLATULENT MALE, scruffy, liar, thick as a plank, voted worst shag in England, completely hopeless, seeks tasty bird, central London. Ring 0660 205610

SPIRITUAL FEMALE, REDHEAD, 24, hippyish with wild child. Seeking her soulmate, long hair and beards welcome. Ring 0660 209370

TALL, SLIM, BLONDE GRADUATE, Aquarian lady. Seeks ultimate hunky male for fun and romance. Ring 0660 205139

YOUNG MALE seeks attractive young female 20-30 for fun times out and possibly more. Ring 0660 205696

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 45, with fair hair, blue eyes and rounded figure, looking for warm and caring gentleman, for fun relationship. Ring 0660 209365

STUNNING BLONDE, 35, seeks man for fun, friendship and romance and to share the good things in life. Ring 0660 209368

CUDDLY WHITE HIPPYISH woman, 5ft 6ins, red hair, blue eyes, beautiful, slightly unconventional, seeks man for friendship and who knows. 25-50, can you handle it? Ring 0660 209369

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

INTELLIGENT LADY, young at heart, seeks attractive, younger male, for friendship/romance. Ring 0660 209373

VERY ATTRACTIVE, professional, black lady, 30, kind, gentle, supportive, looking for similar black, European, professional man, 6ft 2in+. Age minimum 30 to maximum 35. Ring 0660 209374

BROWN EYED GIRL, 18, sexy, energtic, attractive, petite, seeking long lost lover for the 1st time, good times and stability. SE area. Ring 0660 209375

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

MALE JOURNALIST, 31, could pass for 30, 6ft and broad, with nicely combed hair, seeks woman of any age, who likes cafes, bulldogs and romance. Ring 0660 205056

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